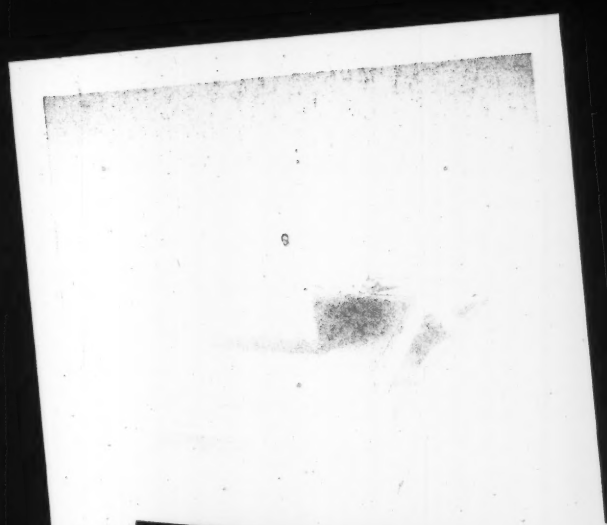
NOVEMBER 29, 1974 / 60 CENTS

THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NEW TIMES

The SX-70
The monster that's devouring Polaroid



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PHOEBE SNOW

"On 'Phoebe Snow' (Shelter) her official debut, she writes and sings about cosmopolitan angst with an urgency and grace that premarital Carly Simon never even began to approach."
Janet Maslin (Village Voice)

"It's not very often that a songwriter's words look sensible written out, but Phoebe's lyrics conquer the test time and again. Let's face it, we could use a rejuvenation of female vocalists. She is such a natural that you hear that rare rave building up in the back of your head."
Patrick Goldstein (Chicago Reader)

"Phoebe Snow has a great voice coming out of the tight understated ensemble sounds of the small bands that accompany her. It's sweet without being sticky, big without being leaden, sinuous without being whiny. It's a voice that stands out above the drone, a voice that calls attention to itself."
Cream

"If female singers were stock, now would be the time to get in on the ground floor of Phoebe Snow. She has no national reputation at all, but if there's justice in heaven, that will change."
Buffalo Evening News

"As a singer and songwriter and overall stylist she emerges as a new force."
Philadelphia Sunday Bulletin

SHELTER
Distributed by MCA Records, Inc.

Produced by Dino Airali • Co-produced by Phil Ramone

"Think Snow"

NEW TIMES, November 29, 1974, Volume 3, Number 11

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BEHIND THE SCENES

One of the nice things about putting out a biweekly feature news magazine is that we not only get to stick our collective neck out quite a bit, but we also find out quickly whether or not it gets cut off. In the past several months, between the elections and the other post-Watergate upheavals, we've taken a few more risks than usual and it's about time to take a look at just how good our guesswork has been.

But let's backtrack a bit. Way back on June 14, we ran Jerry Ford on our cover with the line, "The Making of the 38th President." Well, two months later Ford did take over, so we were okay there. Reporter Terence Sheridan made several observations in the piece about Ford and the probable character of a Ford presidency, most of which have been right on the mark. He noted, for example, that Ford would try to run an open White House and that he would look favorably upon his old congressional friends. And Sheridan's conclusion about Ford is also looking very good right now: "Nonetheless, he is what he [always] seemed to be, an upfront Warren Harding intoning platitudes, a helluva nice guy whose principles have been obscured by ardent pragmatism. . . ."

On September 6, with the Ali-Foreman fight looming (before the postponement), we ran an Ali cover with the line, "Can Allah Save Ali?" Well, as we know and as our man Jesse Kornbluth anticipated, He could and He did. "Ali is your bet," wrote Kornbluth, "because he will be the only Muslim in that African ring."

Which brings us to the elections. First of all, our Insider editor, Tom Moore, asks us to note that he correctly anticipated Ted Kennedy's withdrawal from the '76 presidential sweepstakes. (The fact that the prediction appeared on the stands the same day as Kennedy's announcement was, he emphasizes, a function of the printing lag. "Besides," he notes, "Kennedy jumped the gun.") We didn't fare quite so well in our forecast of the elections earlier this month. On the plus side, we cited Robert Krueger as the likely winner in Texas' 25th Congressional District, concluded that "Machine Gun" Ronnie Thompson didn't have much of a shot at being elected governor of Georgia, and predicted that Democrat Wayne Owens, who as a member of the House Judiciary Committee had voted for impeachment, would pay for it in his race for the Senate from Utah. Our one big gaffe was in suggesting that Ramsey Clark might beat Jacob Javits in the New York Senate race. "Teddy White is right," concluded reporter Bob Anson. "People are crazy as hell. They *are* going to vote for Ramsey Clark." Well they didn't, not enough of them, and Clark lost by some five points. But, in retrospect, our cover line for the Clark issue holds up. It was: "Is America ready for a politician this honest?" The answer, obviously, is no. But from here, the mistake looks to have been more the voters' than ours.

George A. Hirsch

LETTERS

Getting it

I agreed with much of what Marcia Seligson had to say about est. But her insights are true only up to a point.

Responsibility for one's own life is only a partial truth and not one that can be applied to every person. We are not 100 percent responsible for everything in our lives. We are multidimensional products of numerous influences beyond our control. Besides our psychological selves, we are shaped by social and biological imperatives.

Seligson says, "Erhard is the only nonjudgmental human I've ever come across." Someone said recently that Adolf Hitler was the finest example of self-actualization that ever existed. Some people need to be judged, and judged harshly, before it's too late to do anything about them.

The last day of the est training is the one that supposedly supplies the cement of the experience. I'm curious about the last day. What does Erhard do to get all those bright and sensitive people to become so attached to his coattails? At the very time when, in a psychotherapeutic relationship, the analyst would be striving to return the patient to maturity and independence, est works the opposite effect. Instead of cutting the bonds of dependence, the last day of est training assures continuing discipleship among its graduates.

David A. Marcello
New Orleans, Louisiana

Werner Erhard says: "Belief is a disease; a belief system is myth created by knowledge or data without experience." But isn't the opposite more nearly correct? A belief system is experience *without* knowledge or data, as, for example, in instant conversion to "hellfire" religions. What one experiences here is not knowledge, awareness or understanding, but the results of a systematic brainwashing technique which causes distortion.

Examine Erhard's ideas calmly and clearly and their thinness becomes apparent. Naturally, you can't "get it" without the "experience." The "experience" is a brainwash technique, preventing you from understanding.

David Sklar
Teaneck, New Jersey

The est story was terrific. Some aspects of est seem to be off-putting, but there are things in that story which will be useful to me the rest of my life. Marcia Seligson has written an article that will change more than a few lives. That's a rare article.

Mike McGrady
Northport, New York

Honesty and other best policies

Your November 1 cover story about "honest" Ramsey Clark left me reeling in disbelief. Clark was attorney general at the time Martin Luther King was subjected to what one FBI agent called "massive and complete surveillance." Within a day of King's slaying, before the evidence was collected, and before a suspect was in custody, Clark led the national media in a chorus of "no conspiracy."

The day after Clay Shaw was arrested in New Orleans for conspiracy to kill JFK, Attorney General Clark told reporters that Shaw had been investigated soon after the assassination, and cleared by the FBI. Three months later, an embarrassed Clark claimed that there had been no investigation of Shaw.

If it is honest to cover up, bring back Nixon.

Jeff Cohen
Highland Park, Missouri

In your article about Ramsey Clark (November 1), Robert Anson refers to the nauga as an endangered species. This is a totally false and irresponsible statement. The nauga is alive and well and living in Lynn, Massachusetts. In the future, please check your sources more carefully.

Bill Arabia
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Editor's Note: Please send photo.

In reply to the question asked on the cover of your November 1 issue, America was not ready for an honest politician in 1964. Nothing has happened in the last 10 years to indicate it's ready now.

Ralph Koslik
Warrenville, Illinois

Credits and debits

Your spread about Rockefeller's checkbook (November 1) was nothing short of irresponsible.

I dislike Nelson Rockefeller with something akin to passion. I found him an irresponsible governor, and I think that his confirmation as vice president would be a very severe blow to a government already in terrible shape.

But no matter how repugnant Mr. Rockefeller or his gifts may be, you have no right whatsoever to libel him by implying such massive abuses of ethics in his early years.

Nicholas A. Ulanov
Princeton, New Jersey

To my knowledge, no other publication has revealed circumstances so succinctly and graphically as "Rockefeller's Checkbook: The Early Years"

Rev. J.H. Lang
Naples, Florida

The maximum prophet

Regarding your story about "Pilgrim the Pusher" (November 1), the dude's getting ripped. Anyone with anything on the ball can get a kilo (2.2 pounds) of good Mexican grass in Mexico or Southern California for $120.

And if he rolls 50 joints out of a lid (one ounce), old Pilgrim's really rolling skinny joints. And if someone's selling dope for $35 to $50 a lid, he should go to jail for ripping people off. I, personally, wouldn't touch a lid that sells for more than $15.

D. Lewis
Manhattan Beach, California

We've grown accustomed to your vibes

Janet Maslin appears to have hit the nail on the head (Music, November 1) when she said that a whole new audience as well as older fans are ready for the Beach Boys.

After having grown and matured with the Beach Boys and their music, I have noted that among the countless rave reviews, there are a number of so-called music critics who, for reasons known only to themselves, have taken apparent pleasure in taking cheap shots as what must be considered a living American music tradition.

Michael R. Patterson
Brooklyn, New York

Do Earth Shoes Work?

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

Mine are blue suede.

Earth Shoes, in case you've been away, are wide-toed wedgies with contoured rubber soles which leave your heel one-half inch lower than your toes. They are the rage. There is a story to them. And a question. First the story:

Anne Kalso, the mother of Earth Shoes, was studying yoga at a monastery in Santos, Brazil. She was stepping off a curb when it hit her that by flexing the foot upward, ". . . or by lowering the heel, one could achieve the same skeletal stability that is attained in the Lotus or Buddha position of yoga."

She didn't act on her idea until one Christmas night when she was meditating at the monastery in an area lighted only by lightning bugs and suddenly decided to fly back home to Denmark to work on her theory. She borrowed a bicycle and pedaled off at 2 a.m., the story goes.

With the aid of a Portuguese shoemaker, she developed a primitive version of the Earth Shoe, then spent 10 years refining the design, testing new models on 500-mile walking trips. Finally, she opened a small shop in Copenhagen to sell her shoes.

There Ray Jacobs, a Greenwich Village photographer and sex filmmaker, bought a pair for his wife, whose backaches were immediately relieved. The Jacobses asked Mrs. Kalso to let them be her U.S. distributor, and, after checking their birthdates against astrological charts, she consented. They opened their first store in New York on April 1, 1970—in honor of Earth Day.

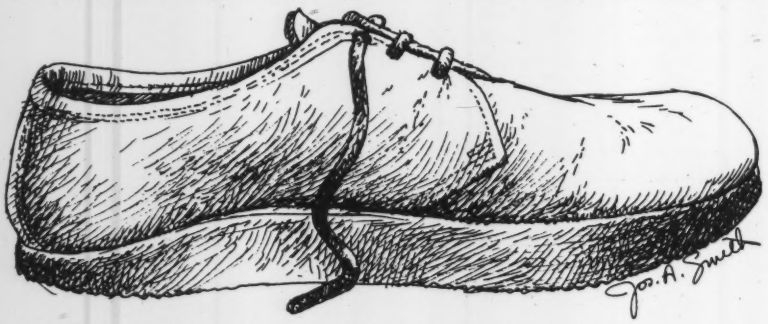
What *Footwear News* calls "the organics, the jean crew" went head over heels for the shoes, happily footing the bill of $35 a pair. Sales passed $2.5 million in 1973.

There are now 53 Earth Shoe stores nationwide. Each is run by young people who get a course in transcendental meditation at company expense after six months on the job. The atmosphere in an Earth Shoe store is suffused with a sort of assertive beatitude. The salespeople know that they are putting you onto something good.

"One immediately stands straighter in the Earth Shoe. Good posture also reduces the possibilities of backaches and fatigue," Earth Shoe literature claims. The "Minus-Heel" design "takes pressure off the back and the metatarsal area of the foot"; forces "a straighter line of gait"; strengthens "the muscles in the stomach, legs and ankles, and lifts the pelvis to coordinate correct posture and deep breathing."

Illustrating the claims is the slouched silhouette of a young woman, with heels raised, beside the ramrod straight figure of the same woman with her heels lowered. In the second instance, her chin's up; even her breasts are up. That's the story.

Here's the question: Are these claims a lot of hocum? If they are—fine. We customers are generally well-heeled and probably deserve a lesson for trying to buy pills that you wear on your feet. But if the claims are *true*, that means that for about five centuries people have been hammering heels on shoes just to screw themselves up.



If something as simple as heels on shoes is wrong, God knows what else is: Sleeping on pillows? Eating from plates?

I spoke with eight of the nation's leading foot men—podiatrists and orthopedists—to get to the bottom of this.

The consensus of the foot establishment is that Earth Shoes give you plenty of toe room and plenty of arch support, but that's about it.

With regard to posture and your back, the experts were evenly divided. Half, like Dr. Richard Schuster, director of the Department of Bio-mechanics at the New York College of Podiatry, say that a heel doesn't hurt posture and a "Minus-Heel" doesn't help it, because "the primary motion is at the ankle joint. That's the part of the body with the major response. There's no real reason why it should affect the back." And half, like Dr. Jack Stern, a Chicago podiatrist, feel that the "Minus-Heel" design does have an effect, and is therefore terrible for you. "Humans are not meant to function that way," he says. People are designed to lean slightly forward. If they are rocked back on their heels, "the function of the vertebrae is abnormal." This causes back problems and might lead to arthritis. Dr. Stern says that Earth Shoes strain the heel and the ligaments of the medial arch, and put stress on the knees, which are forced to function in a rear-motion position (locked), instead of bent forward. He added that the rigid sole "makes you walk like Frankenstein."

All the doctors agreed that a shoe with a front heel—which is what Earth Shoes are—will aggravate the pain of high arches, and will cause severe tendonitis and strain the calf muscles in people with short Achilles tendons. "The nicest thing about Earth Shoes," one doctor said, "is taking them off at the end of the day."

As for normal heels, the foot men say they are not bad for us. Neither are they good. Why do we wear them? "We just do it because we've always done it," a New York orthopedist explained. Originally, heels held feet in stirrups, and allowed one to dig in while walking down an incline.

In light of all this I called the corporate headquarters of Earth Shoes to ask what verification they had for their claims. They said they don't make any claims. I asked for the name of one of the "physicians and orthopedic clinics in Denmark and elsewhere" who according to their literature recommend Earth Shoes. "Those are in Anne Kalso's personal files—in Danish," I was told. Something is rotten. . . .

The Earth Shoe people do say they're having "bona fide" studies done, and the results are due by the beginning of next year. They'd have us cool our heels till then. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN WELKIS

CLIPPINGS

Braless

A woman robber walked into a Los Angeles savings and loan company and took $2,600 from a male teller while her henchman menaced the guy. Two days later, the same woman, policemen think, held up a woman teller in a South Pasadena bank and fled with $400. The reason police think both holdups were pulled by the same person is that the woman who held up the savings and loan company wore a white knit blouse so sheer, police at first reported she was topless. So, when a braless woman turned up at the South Pasadena branch bank in an almost invisible blue blouse, policemen surmised she was the same woman who held up the loan company. The teller who provided the description in the first robbery could not describe her face. She dropped the $400 before escaping from the second.—from the Washington *Post* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

Weightless

"Still . . . the possibilities of weightlessness are there for the ingenious to exploit. No need to carry bras into space, that's for sure. Imagine a spacecraft of the future, with a crew of a thousand ladies, off for Alpha Centauri, with two thousand breasts bobbing beautifully and quivering delightfully in response to their every weightless movement . . . and I am the commander of the craft, and it is Saturday morning and time for inspection, naturally. . . ."—from *Carrying the Fire* by Michael Collins

Topless?

The Capitola, California, City Council enacted a law against nudity on Capitola beaches. Still, women can loll about the beaches with bared breasts. The city attorney told the council it could solve a lot of legal problems by leaving breasts out of the ordinance. Bottoms were left in. Attempting to deal with the same problem, Santa Cruz County supervisors could reach no agreement on breasts. They agreed on bare tushies, however—none. One supervisor wanted breasts covered, but the county lawyer said this could be discriminatory if there were no provision for the males. Another supervisor, Phil Harry, said, "I'd hate to have to wear a bra on the beaches."—from the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

Booby Prize

While most West Virginians were getting all worked up to the point of violence over sex in textbooks, a band of Gypsies was giving a few lessons to storekeepers in that state. In Eccles, Frank Raso said seven young women and an old woman came into his shop. A young one bared her breasts. While Raso was attracted by this unusual display, his market was being relieved of candy, spices, canned meats and so on. A store owner in Lester said several women came into his shop babbling to distract the clerk while the others lifted $400 from the cash drawer. No skin mentioned. Jack Robinette of Surveyor said the women came into his store and went into their act, but he couldn't tell whether anything was missing. One of the women performed a belly dance, he said, hollering while she gyrated, "Horsey horsey horsey."—from the Charleston *Gazette*

Bananas

The newspaper *Vechernaya Moskva* says scientists have grown the first banana in Siberia.—from the Chicago *Sun-Times*

Right

"New York—Coca-Cola Export Corp., a subsidiary of Coca-Cola Co., agreed in principle to acquire all the stock of Coca-Cola Bottling Co. of Puerto Rico from Coca-Cola Bottling Co. of New York, the New York company said."—from *The Wall Street Journal*

Human Rights

Col. Oran Henderson, who was acquitted of having failed to investigate the report of killings at My Lai, has been hired by the Pennsylvania Bicentennial Commission. He will be paid $16,900 a year to coordinate a meeting of philosophers from all over the world to draft a "declaration of human rights."—from the New York *Times*

Amnesty Revisited

" 'The few hundred that deserted this country, the draft dodgers, are never going to get amnesty when boys like yours died, never. They are going to have to pay a penalty for what they did. That's the way I feel.' President Nixon to the parents of a son killed in Vietnam."—from a *New York Times Magazine* article (12/24/72)

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN WELKIS

94th Congress Skidoo

FULMINATIONS

By Larry L. King

Old politicians, like old dogs, seldom learn new tricks. Even as Republicans bogged and gloomed toward their predictable off-year defeats, President Ford bounded around the country offering only his bland grin and anachronistic campaign bombast. His message—that the election of more irresponsible ole Democrats would peril the happy Republic—could not have been taken seriously even among Watergate defendants. It was as if Willie Sutton had warned that Patricia Hearst might rob banks.

Politicians love their rituals and are comforted by them; better to fail at the old than to risk untried alternatives and then suffer blame for not having done the expected. Even in failure's wake, White House aides protested that had Mr. Ford *not* accomplished his mindless meanderings, then the GOP collapse might somehow have proved more spectacular still. There being no statistical way to disprove them, the preservation of useless rituals thus is guaranteed. They will sleep better in Washington for it on both sides of the aisle.

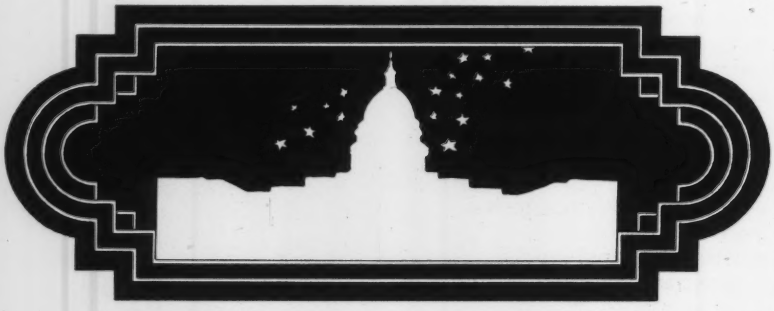
Now, puffed and victorious Democrats are exercising *their* ritualistic prerogatives in pledging the 94th Congress to quickly sooth the nation's chills and fevers; much blather is heard of congressional mandates, of government by legislative fiat, of responsible alternatives from the loyal opposition. Those who believe history's lessons and practices will not hold their breath: better to expend it in one cleansing big guffaw or whistle while you try to find work. Most politicians, pampered and forgetful of life's daily shitstorms, find it difficult to recognize a true crisis even while staring it in the face.

There are other good reasons why the 94th Congress, though widely heralded as liberal, may be expected to produce no more than minor miracles:

* *Mediocre Leadership*: House Speaker Carl Albert is timid, cautious, distrusts innovation; he shrank in true horror from the notion of succeeding to the Presidency. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield excels in caretaker government; he believes, at best, that the Congress should exercise only modifying powers. His second in command, Senator Robert Byrd, is an old-fashioned, Bible-thumping conservative likely to seek the nation's delivery through prayer. Only Tip O'Neil, House majority leader, is dedicated to aggressive congressional leadership. The other three have more power.

* *Seniority System*: The old bulls of the House and Senate control the workaday mechanisms and rule those vital committees where laws are shaped and dreams are dashed. As always, clamorous red-hot freshmen are likely to expend much energy ineffectually. Three cheers and a sad smile for such good fellows.

* *Structural Ambiance*: Each congressman or senator runs his or her domain as a grand duchy; there's no central clearinghouse from which to hammer out cohesive programs. Given the conflicting tides and tugs, and the absence of a strong central figure, a meaningful legislative program from "the loyal opposition" is about as likely as Nixon's deathbed confession. Efforts will be scattergun, random, frequently doomed.



* *Mathematical Illusion*: Foolish pundits call the 94th Congress "veto proof." In reality, the House has only a single-vote margin to automatically override (291-114) even should all Democrats hang together. Will they? Well, have they ever? Potential Dixiecrat defectors, alone, more than offset liberal Republicans inclined to join the majority against their President.

* *Politics*: Democrats, while mouthing their wonderful platitudes, will be tempted to permit President Ford to flail and fail; after all, he's the man they expect to run against in 1976. Senators Jackson, Mondale, Bentsen and other presidential hopefuls may be more naturally inclined to jockey for glamorous position than to join in those tedious cooperations the nation requires.

Liberal, fresh-faced, hot-breathed congresses have come along before, vowing major upheavals and snorting at injustices while scaring the bejesus out of traditionalists. Somehow, though, even when captained by an FDR or an LBJ in the White House, they grow old or defeated before turning things around. Little more will be done in the 94th than *must* be done: congressional habit guarantees it, the institutional reflexes guarantee it, I guarantee it, and maybe human nature guarantees it.

Expecting a rudderless congress to deliver effective energy programs, or vibrant foreign policies, or to magically restore faith in the tarnished governmental processes, is to anticipate profit from tooth fairies. Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, who loved power and action beyond any singing of it, contented himself with half-loaves and slick mock shows in the days of divided government under President Eisenhower. Gerald Ford, were he half as much of Harry Truman as he likes to pretend, might publicly lash the opposition congress to action out of its sense of partisan preservations. But Jere's more of Willie Lump-Lump than of HST, a natural fumbler and bumbler who grins even when he drops the ball. I mean, can you imagine him even giving 'em *heck*?

Yes, neighbors, it will be a long two years. You may expect backing and filling, blame-placing, finger-pointing, name-calling, sound and fury signifying little or nothing. The only way we may reasonably expect any major deviation from the historic norm, given the President we have and the congressional "leaders" we sponsor, is for the mounting national dissatisfactions to approach the pure panic stage. That, somehow, seems a small comfort. Goodnight, America, wherever you are. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE PHILLIPS

The beaches in Portugal haven't been overrun by tourists. You can find on them what European beaches have long since run out of. Privacy.

Portugal hasn't been plundered and pillaged by hordes of American treasure hunters. You can still find fine antiques, excellent silver, lovely crafts and shopkeepers who aren't lying in wait.

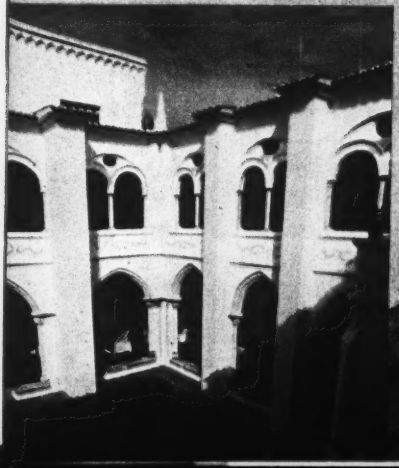
PORTUGAL
IT'S WHAT EUROPE USED TO BE AND WHAT EUROPE USED TO COST

The people in Portugal remind you of the way Europeans used to act toward American tourists. They're openly friendly without any ulterior motive.

For $13, not one, but two of you can stay at an 18th Century villa, and sleep on hand-embroidered sheets. Breakfast included. For about $16 two can stay at a 15th Century convent overlooking Roman ruins. With three meals a day!

In Portugal, you can have a four-course dinner usually including the wine for $6. For another $2 you can have a lavish five-course dinner at what used to be a royal palace.

There's Never Been a Better Time To See Portugal.



Discover the vintage wines from Yugoslavia. Under $3.

Insiders know these wines as great values. Every one under $3.00—and every one a vintage wine, comparable to some of the fine wines of southern France and Italy.

There's a fact about the wines of Yugoslavia that has escaped some of the most knowledgeable wine experts.

It's how closely they resemble many very good French and Italian wines.

The map explains why. The 45th parallel runs through the great Mediterranean wine districts of Europe: the Rhone Valley and Bordeaux regions of France and the Piedmont section of Italy. This parallel continues right through Yugoslavia. You'll find that the wines of Yugoslavia share many characteristics with the wines of these other great districts.

Surrounding the 45th parallel are many of Europe's great Mediterranean wine districts—southern France, Italy—and Yugoslavia!

Every bottle of wine from Yugoslavia wears a *vintage* label. But because they are largely undiscovered, their prices range from $2.00 to $3.00—never higher.

Look closely at their labels.

Adriatica Cabernet from Istria.

A dry, full-bodied red—much like the French cabernet, but sturdier. Serve this with steak, chops, hearty main dishes and the sharper cheeses.

Adriatica Rizling from Fruska Gora.

This is a soft, fresh white—good with fish and poultry, and with fresh fruit at dessert.

Navip Prokupac from Vranje.

Prokupac is known as the "national vine of Serbia." This from Vranje is a medium-bodied red, full of verve and fruitiness. Curiously, it seems to go with *any* food. And try it on ice with a splash of soda for a light, before-dinner drink.

Slovin Laski Rizling from Ljutomer.

Wine from the Ljutomer region gained a worldwide reputation under the Austrian name Luttenberger and is among Yugoslavia's most famous. This one is a dry white—superb with an elegant fish entrée or roasted fowl.

Next time you're shopping for wine, discover these vintage wines from Yugoslavia!

MUNSON SHAW IMPORTS

Sole U.S. Importer Munson Shaw Co., New York City

NY 11/2

Did Rocky pay off Brennan through Ronan?

THE INSIDER

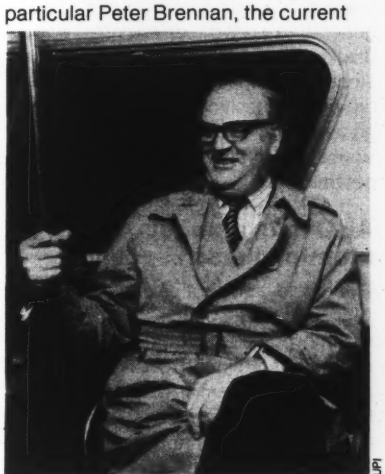
POWER POLITICS

The Rocky road (cont.) . . .

Rockefeller's nomination is in big trouble now, but it is unlikely the coup de grâce will be administered until the House Judiciary Committee starts its hearings. Unlike the Senate Rules Committee, the House Judiciary Committee has a crack investigative staff, now seasoned from the impeachment hearings and hungry for another kill, and it has turned up some very damaging material.

The fact that the House investigators are checking out the connection between a substantial contribution Rockefeller made to the Academy of Political Science and a ridiculously pro-Rockefeller book called *Governing New York*, financed by the Academy, has already come out.

But a more serious charge, according to a staff source, is a lead that William Ronan, who received over $600,000 worth of Rockefeller largesse, was really a conduit for "donations" to other political figures, in particular Peter Brennan, the current secretary of labor and former head of the New York Building and Construction Trades union. When Rockefeller ran against Arthur Goldberg in 1970, Peter Brennan defected from the Democratic camp to Rocky's club—a key factor in Rockefeller's victory. So far, Ronan has declined to say what he did with the money. And while he has allowed investigators to inspect his federal tax returns, he has refused to reveal his state income tax records—wherein lies the pertinent information on Rocky's gift.



UPI

Ronan: a money conduit?

The investigators have also received anonymous letters which allege that Rockefeller used the intelligence unit of the New York State Police to gather political intelligence for him over the last five years. And if the investigators discover wiretapping was involved, Rocky's through.

Going into the House hearings, Rockefeller is assured of a dozen out of 37 votes, and at least one moderate committee Republican has been telling other GOP House members that the new material dug up by the staff is so damning he may vote against the nomination.

Chances are good, incidentally, that the hearings will drag on into the next Congress. If that happens, conceded a GOP House leader, "Rocky is dead."

Next candidate, please

With Rocky out of the picture, if that's the case, some people are starting to ask who will take his place. A leading contender, according to some Washington observers, is Sen. Howard Baker from Tennessee. Baker has a clean, moderate anti-Watergate public image, apparently satisfies party regulars, and, besides, comes on like Johnny Carson. Another possibility is Baker's colleague from Tennessee, Bill Brock, who is felt to be more acceptable to liberals than Baker. And, of course, there is always perennial hopeful Melvin Laird, currently doing something rather vague for *Readers Digest*.

WIDE WORLD

Baker: stand-in for Rocky?

But then, as one insider put it, "What's so terrible about not having a vice-president? We survived without a veep when Roosevelt died and we did it again when Kennedy was killed."

Percy and Reagan are back in the running

At least two Republicans who had dropped their 1976 presidential hopes after Gerald Ford moved into the White House are now reactivating their campaigns. Their decisions come in the wake of talk among top Republicans that Ford will not seek a full term in '76 because of family pressure. "Betty Ford just does not want him to run," suggests one White House aide, "and he will probably accede to her wishes."

The first contender to get things rolling was outgoing California governor Ronald Reagan, who will rank as the heavy favorite for the nomination if Ford drops out. Reagan is already gathering a top-flight campaign staff, including John Sears, one of the best Nixon strategists in 1968. On the liberal side, Illinois Senator Charles Percy is said to have told staffers to reactivate his so-called black book—the Percy plan to win the nomination. Percy would like to get off to a quick start, preempting any challenge from another

liberal like Elliot Richardson. Left out of all this presidential talk is Nelson Rockefeller. The consensus among top people at the Republican National Committee is that Rocky has been harmed beyond repair by recent disclosures. Even if he can get through the vice-presidential hearing, they believe he will not be a viable candidate in '76.

Cleaning out the Cabinet

President Ford is expected to do some major housecleaning between now and the end of the year. A number of Cabinet members and agency heads can reliably be said to be on their way out. At the top of the list is Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz, considered a political liability by GOP congressional leaders. Also, pushing for Butz' replacement is Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who disagrees with him on ways of coping with the world food crisis. Several White House aides say the leading contender to replace Butz is Iowa Republican Wiley Mayne, who went down to defeat in the elections.

WIDE WORLD

Butz: on the way out

Mayne was one of the pro-Nixon votes on the House Judiciary Committee during the impeachment hearings.

Also slated to go before January, according to White House and congressional sources, is Attorney General William Saxbe—never a personal favorite of Ford's. The odds-on favorite to replace him is former New York Senator Charles Goodell, a liberal Republican. GOP conservatives are letting the White House know they are not happy with that choice. Other upcoming departures include Secretary of Labor Peter Brennan and Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Casper Weinberger. Weinberger has already said he would like to return to private life, and Democratic Congresswoman Edith Green of Oregon is first in line for the post if she wants it. On the agency level, both General Services Administration head Arthur Sampson and Postmaster General E.T. Klassen are in trouble. Both agencies have been beset by scandals large and small in recent months.

Exposing the legal fee cartel

Consumers Union, the nonprofit publisher of *Consumer Reports*, is getting ready to survey the legal profession the same way it surveys cars or cameras—that is, very objectively. What the Union proposes to do is publish a directory of lawyers, listing the usual range of fees they charge next to their names. Thereby, the reasoning goes, a consumer of legal services can learn the kind of money he or she is going to lay out—before getting involved with a lawyer.

There's only one obstacle to this eminently sensible plan: the American Bar Association. Apparently the ABA maintains strict control over legal directories through an accreditation system accepted by state bars. Consequently, legal directories, such as Martindale-Hubbell, can only publish information approved by the ABA. One key bit of info the ABA forbids the directories to publish is fees. Strangely enough, the ABA supports this restriction by arguing that such information would discourage competitive pricing.

Consumers Union is now preparing to sue the ABA, challenging its restrictive control over directories on First Amendment grounds. According to some lawyers, the case could blow the whole legal fee system in this country "sky high."

Losing battle, but winning war

Since we published a cover story on Sam Lovejoy's Nuclear War (Oct. 18, 1974), the townspeople of western Massachusetts have had a chance to vote on a nuclear power referendum. The non-binding referendum, petitioned by the Alternative Energy Coalition (AEC), consisted of two yes-no

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK DIAMOND

Lovejoy: a "resounding victory"

questions: one registering opposition to the construction of the twin nuclear plants in Montague (where Lovejoy toppled the test tower); and a second, more radical question, which asked for the dismantling of two neighboring plants, one out of state in Vernon, Vt., and the other in Rowe, Mass.

While neither issue passed, Lovejoy's informants tell us that the 43-town district split pretty near down the middle on the first question: 22,962 against the Montague nukes; 25,622 for. The second question lost 2-1.

Undaunted, Lovejoy is said to have described the results "as a resounding victory for a spontaneous, common people's, grass roots movement."

"In the face of a combined annual utilities advertising budget of over $40 million," he said, "we spent about $3,000 and educated a hell of a lot of people about nuclear power. And those 32 percent who voted to dismantle the nukes—already existing plants worth over a billion dollars and generating what the government and utilities like to call *'much needed'* electricity—those 15,000 people, are a die-hard opposition that isn't going to go away. I think the utilities are in trouble. I don't think the nukes will ever get built here."

AEC acts against atomic hijack

Without advance notice or publicity, the Atomic Energy Commission has recently posted stringent new regulations designed to spike what most people would dismiss as the scenario for an overly imaginative suspense thriller: namely, that terrorists might hijack a routine shipment of atomic material like enriched uranium 235 or

plutonium and build a crude but deadly atomic bomb.

In the future, according do the new AEC regulations, shipments of nuclear material on the highways must be made in special trucks that can be immobilized in the event of an attack. In addition to armed guards inside, the truck will be escorted by guards in as many as two armored cars. Security for rail and air shipments has also been beefed up. Moreover, the AEC has tightened security around the nation's 50 nuclear power plants by calling for the installation of bulletproof doors and windows and the establishment of monitored isolation zones around the plant perimeters.

This get-tough stance comes in the wake of Dr. Theodore Taylor's disclosure last spring in a scholarly Ford Foundation report that A-bomb construction, contrary to popular belief, does not require an effort on the scale of the Manhattan Project. Indeed, said Taylor, a determined engineering school dropout could fabricate a home-made bomb working on weekends. Since Taylor has designed the world's smallest, largest and most efficient A-bombs, it was hard to dismiss him as an ignorant Cassandra. Even so, it seemed at the time that his warnings went largely unheeded. Now it appears that someone at the AEC, at least, was listening despite the official stance that the limited security measures imposed at the end of 1973 would counter any credible threat. As one AEC staffer disclosed last week: "We couldn't very well admit it publicly, but we were glad that Dr. Taylor focused attention on this and forced us to act."

A hanging—or a hung—jury?

It would seem inconceivable that the jury in the Watergate cover-up trial can come up with anything but a guilty verdict. Never before has there been a case where the accused did everything but video-tape their crime, and the five defendants point fingers at one another so often they make the prosecution seem almost superfluous.

And yet there remains the distinct possibility of a hung jury. Two of the 12 on the panel are Republicans, and both are potential holdouts. Dour-faced John A. Hoffar, 57, retired three years ago as a park police sergeant after 21 years on the force, the last few spent quelling antiwar demonstrations. He has an American flag decal on his front door. Normally, that would make him a sure vote for conviction, but in this case everything is reversed. There are two governments in John Sirica's courtroom—a veritable *United States v. United States*—and Hoffar would seem to have more in common with the government in the dock.

Then there's Thelma Wells, the jury oddball. Twice widowed, 68, and set in her strange ways, she seems to have little interest in anything but the Ancient Mystical Order of Rosicrucians, a cult that claims to unlock secret powers of the unconscious. "The only thing she ever said about Watergate," says her next-door neighbor, "was that she knew Nixon would resign because she can see into the future." What she knows about the future of Mitchell, Haldeman, Ehrlichman & Co. is anybody's guess, but Mrs. Wells is obviously not afraid to go her own way. "Once she makes up her mind, she won't change it, no matter what anyone says," adds the neighbor. "I've never seen a woman so stubborn."

Studies suggest that lone zealots or eccentrics rarely hang a jury—unless they have company on the first ballot. But if there is a substantial split to begin with, one or two often hold firm even if their support slips away, overwhelmed by the evidence. And at least two, possibly three, other members of this panel told the court they thought it unfair to punish Nixon aides since the ex-President himself got off with a pardon.

So many prospective jurors expressed similar feelings in the secret voir dire, the prosecution was unable to challenge them all off the jury. And while the defense bemoaned the injustice of trying this case in predominantly black Washington, it is the black sense of street justice that may yet save them. Said one prospective juror the government did manage to remove, "If the boss do a crime and he don't get locked up, then no one oughta get locked up."

Nobody is taking bets that the cover-up crew will escape. But if Nixon can be cornered outside a hospital long enough to get him on the stand, it may

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

be too much for some jurors to watch him walk out of the courtroom a free man and then send his followers to jail. That, despite a determined Judge Sirica and a heavy pro-conviction jury majority.

And a hung jury would almost certainly mean the Nixon gang would go forever unpunished. The chances of convening an impartial panel for a second trial seem slim.

—Michael Drosnin

HEALTH

By Marlon Steinmann

On the other side of the cutting edge

Are scalpel-happy U.S. physicians subjecting us to too much unnecessary surgery? In Great Britain, for instance, surgeons perform only a fraction of the number of operations per capita that they do in the U.S.

Drs. John Bunker and Byron Brown at Stanford University School of Medicine recently surveyed the number of some common surgical procedures (appendectomy, hernia repair, hysterectomy, gall bladder removal, thyroidectomy, hemorrhoid removal, mastectomy) performed on California physicians and their spouses—on the theory that doctors, as the ultimately informed consumers, fully aware of the risks and benefits involved, at least would not subject themselves or their families to unnecessary surgery.

To their surprise, Drs. Bunker and Brown discovered that physicians' operation rates were as high or higher than those for lawyers, ministers and businessmen—but that all four professional groups had surgery 25 to 30 percent more frequently than the U.S. population as a whole. And physicians' wives tended to have more operations than the other professionals' wives: more than 50 percent of the doctors' wives had undergone hysterectomy by the age of 65, compared to 33 percent for American women generally.

The findings still don't resolve the question of unnecessary surgery. It could be that doctors suffer an occupational form of hypochondria or, because medical services are free for them and their families, that they have no financial worries when considering surgery. The study does seem to show, however, that at least doctors do not subject the rest of us to more surgery than themselves.

THE WORD

Rex strikes back

We told you so. A few weeks after Frank Sinatra referred to Rex Reed as a "queen" during his in-concert slurs, the columnist reeled off a review of "Frank Sinatra: The Main Event" that gave Ol' Blue Eyes a black one.

"The grim truth is that Frank Sinatra has had it," quoth Reed on the concert televised "live" on ABC-TV from Madison Square Garden. "His voice has been manhandled beyond recognition, bringing with its parched croak only a painful memory of burned-out yesterdays. Frank Sinatra has become a bore. . . . He insults the press, makes patronizing remarks about women and oppressed minorities, bullies everyone from bellboys to room service waiters and offers nothing in return in the way of talent or quality entertainment."

As if poor manners aren't enough, Reed had a few comments on Sinatra's appearance ("sloppier than Porky Pig. . . . With his money, he should hire a tailor to design a dinner jacket that doesn't make him look like Elmer Fudd"); Sinatra's voice ("he should either learn some new material, stop butchering the old material, or retire"); and Sinatra's superstar status (". . . he's not really the Tiffany solitaire we thought he was. He's just a Woolworth rhinestone now").

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Hamburger

Ex-Beatle Paul McCartney has been signed by McDonald's to write a new advertising jingle for an estimated $250,000—with residuals likely to up the ante to $500,000. In addition to being a financial killing for McCartney, it should prove an exercise in high creativity as well. He's been a vegetarian for years.

UPI

McCartney: a new jingle

SPECIAL REPORT

Does Rockefeller own too much of the world to be vice-president?

By Barry Rubin

In the renewed investigations of Vice-President-designate Nelson Rockefeller's financial and political background, one crucial area has so far been largely ignored: the potential conflicts of interest between the Rockefeller family's international business operations and Rockefeller's effect on foreign policy. Both the Ford administration and the nominee himself have stated that if confirmed as vice-president, Rockefeller would play an important role in formulating foreign policy, serving as a kind of international trouble-shooter.

Yet it is almost impossible to conceive of Rockefeller handling foreign policy without at least being subliminally aware of his own family interests in virtually every trouble spot on earth.

Take, for example, the question of military expenditures. Since 1956—when Rockefeller chaired the Rockefeller Brothers Fund study on the subject—he has been an advocate of

larger U.S. military spending. His family either controls or holds large amounts of stock in 17 of the top 100 military contractors. The problems this could create for foreign policy-making are illustrated by the Vietnam War, which Rockefeller supported politically for many years. There, planes built by McDonnell Douglas and powered by Thiokol were guided to targets by the IBM Automated Battlefield System or by pictures taken from Itek aerial cameras. The planes dropped bombs made by Automation Industries while ground forces using ITT communications equipment advanced. The troops were ferried into Vietnam by Pan American Airways and the civilian and military planes, tanks and other vehicles were fueled by Exxon, Mobil, Chevron and Amoco. In all of these companies, the Rockefeller family has substantial, and in some cases controlling, investments.

Obviously, anyone with Nelson Rockefeller's wealth can be expected to invest in corporate stocks and bonds. The problem is that Rockefeller and his closest relatives own controlling shares in so many large multinational companies that any major event abroad—a war, a coup d'etat, a change in international laws—profoundly affects their fortunes.

The Rockefeller family has already had significant influence on America's foreign policy formulation. Five of the last six secretaries of state have had Rockefeller connections: Dean Acheson, a lawyer for family interests; John Foster Dulles, a member of Exxon's Sullivan & Cromwell law firm, director of the Schroder-Rockefeller Bank (now called the Schroder Trust Co.), president of the Rockefeller Foundation; Christian Herter, who married into Exxon and whose son was a Mobil vice-president; Dean Rusk, another former Rockefeller Foundation president; and Henry Kissinger, Rockefeller's former foreign policy adviser. The only exception—William Rogers—was overshadowed during his term by Kissinger.

Among CIA directors, Allen Dulles was also a Sullivan & Cromwell partner and John McCone was a Chevron executive. Lewis Strauss served on Eisenhower's National Security Council when he was the Rockefellers' personal financial adviser. David Rockefeller heads the powerful Council on Foreign Relations of which political analyst Theodore White said, "Its roster of members has for a generation, under Republican and Democratic administrations alike, been the chief recruiting ground for Cabinet-level officials in Washington."

In a number of cases—using the extreme example of intervention against foreign governments—U.S. policy decisions have directly benefited Rockefeller business interests. When the CIA helped overthrow Mossadegh's Iranian government in 1953, Rockefeller companies got large concessions in the denationalized oil fields. When, in 1960, the CIA helped overthrow the Lumumba regime in the Congo, Governor Rockefeller said the U.S. should be willing to go to war to prevent Soviet aid to Lumumba. With a friendly government installed, family-controlled companies made major investments there (Pan American,

Amoco, ATT, Exxon) and the Rockefellers directly invested in local copper, textiles and other businesses. Five years later, when Marines landed in the Dominican Republic to protect U.S. interests, the largest company there was the Rockefeller-controlled South Puerto Rico Sugar Co.

Chilean President Salvador Allende nationalized a cement plant owned by one of Nelson's companies and the much larger holdings of Anaconda Copper, a company in the Rockefellers' orbit. The junta that overthrew him last year with U.S. aid has offered to return both. Meanwhile, Rockefeller was a member of the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, which was regularly briefed on CIA covert operations. Since the Chilean coup, the Council of the Americas (Rockefeller was a founder, brother David is the current president) has backed the junta, setting up meetings between it and U.S. companies in order to arrange new investments in Chile.

Rockefeller involvement is also deep in several current trouble spots.

Venezuela is the leading oil exporter to the U.S. and most of its petroleum is controlled by Rockefeller companies, particularly Creole, an Exxon subsidiary. Venezuela's government plans to nationalize these and other Rockefeller companies next year. Would Rockefeller's confirmation, having been a former Creole director, increase the possibility of U.S. intervention?

The Ford administration is now taking a hard line toward Arab oil-producing countries. One of Rockefeller's advisers is John McCloy, the powerful former board chairman of Chase Manhattan. Last year, McCloy coordinated the oil companies' offensive against Libyan nationalizations and he then reportedly advocated a ban on U.S. exports to countries moving against U.S. oil interests. Would Rockefeller, whose family controls several of the largest oil companies, support McCloy's proposal?

The Rhodesian press revealed recently that a Rockefeller holding, Arbor Acres Co., owns that country's largest poultry farm. Some UN officials have voiced suspicions that this investment violates UN sanctions against that white minority government. Denzil Bellingan, Arbor Acres manager, who just visited the U.S., also reportedly administers Rockefeller farms in Angola and Mozambique. How will Nelson's investments in these countries and white-ruled South Africa affect relations between the U.S. and Black African states hostile to these regimes?

In Peru a scandal involving an Exxon subsidiary led to a military coup five years ago. Conflict over nationalization of this company and a Chase Manhattan controlled bank, among other U.S. businesses, has been the main problem in U.S.-Peruvian relations since then.

These are just a few examples of the incredible tangle of problems that could result if Rockefeller is confirmed. This is not to imply that he is part of some giant conspiracy or is mainly interested in furthering his family's interests above all. But the Rockefeller empire is so large and complex that Nelson couldn't sneeze without getting into a conflict of interest with Kleenex.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH CIARDIELLO

The little camera that couldn't

By Craig Unger

Cambridge, Mass. It is November 4, 1969, in a drab, red-brick laboratory near the sleek Polaroid headquarters at Technology Square. Fifty of Polaroid's top scientists are crowded around the color laboratory, eager with anticipation. It is an historic occasion. The building, in fact, is the same one in which Alexander Graham Bell made his first telephone call. Two sun guns, producing light equal in intensity to that at the top of Mt. Everest, bear down unremittingly on a bit of exposed film. As the cloudy top layer of the film slowly begins to clarify, tension mounts. Within minutes, it becomes apparent that the color negative has developed in open sunlight. It is an event worthy of NASA's greatest triumphs: backs are slapped, an enormous cheer goes up, speeches are made. The Polaroid SX-70, the last word in one-step photography, is on its way.

History or melodrama, call it what you will. The fact is that the mystique and glamour of technology have been Polaroid's stock in trade and they have used it to sell 40 million instant cameras and film for 9 billion pictures around the world. Number 235 on Fortune's 500 with sales of $685 million, Polaroid has long held a dual position as a bellwether among the "software" giants as well as one of Wall Street's most glamorous success stories.

But with the SX-70, the Cinderella story that was Polaroid is showing all the marks of pumpkinhood.

On the market, the company's stock has plummeted from a 1973 high of just under 144 before the camera received widespread distribution to a 1974 low of 14⅛ (it is now in the low 20s). The financial community has been calling the camera the "Edsel of the '70s." Consumers have so far responded with a yawn, content to let the SX-70 languish in pawnshop windows, where it sells for as low as $75. The company's earnings have been decimated. Edwin Land, the company's founder and guiding genius, has lost more than half a billion dollars in the paper value of his stock. And analysts worry that beyond its significant production and marketing problems, Polaroid is unprepared to deal with the threat of competition in the form of a soon-to-be released instant camera from Kodak. (Sources say that Kodak hopes to have the camera ready in about a year.)

A lot less than picture perfect, a lot more than people need or can afford, the "revolutionary" SX-70 is a symbol of a consumer economy gone wild

At the heart of the matter, however, is the staggering investment of $600 million (more than $250 million in research and development, and the rest for new manufacturing facilities) on a camera that, for all its technological luster, seems a step backwards.

Had the SX-70 been introduced shortly after it had been conceived, back in the mid-'60s, it might have been an instant and phenomenal success. Those were the halcyon days of Thorstein Veblen's "conspicuous consumption," when such high ticket luxury items were precisely what was fueling our consumer society. But the camera itself was overtaken by history; now it simply stands as yet another symbol of what has gone wrong with the economy. With its cost overruns, its production and marketing problems and—far more important—its almost total lack of real purpose or need, it is about to take its place alongside the F-111, the jumbo jet, 3-D movies and the other technological white elephants. "It's as though they set out to reinvent the camera," says Langdon Winner, an MIT assistant professor in political science and technology studies, "but the dearth of new

SCULPTURE BY WARREN FEDULLO/PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

Craig Unger is on the staff of Boston's The Real Paper.

uses for it are embarrassingly evident. The whole magic of Polaroid has been based on speed in getting you an instant picture. But even if you accept that notion as an important function for a camera, this is nothing more than a highly financed regression."

Neither Winner nor anyone else argues over the technological genius behind the SX-70. It is the ultimate in no-sweat photography. One simply composes the picture, focuses and presses a button, whereupon electronic computers whir, setting the shutter speed and the aperture. There is nothing to peel off or time, as in earlier Polaroids, and the photographer is instantly presented with a tough, plastic-coated picture, which develops before his own eyes over the next six minutes.

But so what? Polaroid had long since cornered the market on instant gratification for amateur photographers. Its very success was built on Americans' refusal to wait a few days or—perish the thought—a whole week to see what their Instamatics had wrought. And the SX-70, after all, takes six times longer to produce a picture than the older model Polaroids. Apparently, the point of the exercise—the only point—was to produce a picture that develops in front of your eyes rather than inside the camera. Once the novelty of *that* accomplishment wears off (rather quickly, most owners find), one is left with little more than an expensive plaything, a bit of technological masturbation that cost 600 million dollars. "Conspicuous consumption, innovation for the sake of innovation, whatever you want to call it," says Winner, "it's not clear that the American economy can sustain this kind of advanced irrational consumerism any longer."

THE OLD WAY
For $35.00 you can buy the Polaroid Color Pack II for color shots. The picture develops 60 seconds after you pull it out of the camera.
Film costs $4.54 for a roll of 8 shots.
Result: a color snapshot of fair quality

Nor is it still clear whether companies—in order to maintain high stock value—can continue to grow simply for the sake of growth. If there ever was a real need for the SX-70 at all, it did not come from the outside, from the consumers, but from within, from the money men and directors at Polaroid, who wanted to keep the stock analysts happy. Polaroid is just one of hundreds of companies that have sacrificed themselves in recent years to the false gods of growth and price-earnings ratios.

There are, of course, those who argue that once Polaroid irons out the bugs in the SX-70, it will once again climb atop Wall Street's highest perch. They say it is only natural that a product as innovative as the SX-70 should have its share of marketing and production problems. They point out that even at its high price—$180 list, now discounted as low as $109—Polaroid has sold about 1 million units since it was first introduced over a year ago, certainly a creditable performance for a new camera, though far below Polaroid's expectations of selling between 6 and 12 million in its first few years. A few remaining optimists among the stock analysts say that Polaroid stands a good chance of recovery. They note that over half of the $600 million SX-70 development costs went towards turning Polaroid into a manufacturing company from the research and development firm it had been in the past. If the SX-70 ever does take off, they argue, Polaroid will get to keep profits that had been contracted out on previous projects. Still others say it is just a question of time before Polaroid can lower the camera's exorbitant price and make it more competitive. Declares Gus Wolfman, publisher of the Wolfman Report, a photo industry yearbook: "The price. That's the ball and chain around its neck. If they were selling for $50 or $60, gads, they couldn't keep up with it." Trying to achieve such an end, Polaroid introduced the SX-70 Model Two in September, a new version identical in all but cosmetics and price. Listing for $30 less than its more lavish counterpart, the new model was being sold for as low as $98 at Boston department stores.

But such arguments are less than totally convincing. For one thing, the camera is simply not very good. Polaroid

points with pride to the lavish display of SX-70 photos in its lobby. But the fact is that few professional photographers take the SX-70 seriously as a camera. It is probably the most expensive camera ever developed for which there are no attachments for filters or telephoto lenses. Few cameras priced that high offer photographers as little control as the SX-70 does. It is awkward and clumsy to hold. The film is annoyingly sensitive to temperature; in warm weather the colors are frequently too green, in cold weather they are frequently too blue. Both *Consumers' Research* and *Consumer Reports* are critical of the camera and note its inability to differentiate between varied lighting conditions. Polaroid likes to boast about the rich reds its new SX-70 film produces. Good enough. But when a camera dealer gave me a demonstration, my brown shirt came out looking a hazy greyish-green. Like all Polaroids, its instant processing means that no amount of darkroom work can help the finished product. And the film is priced well above ordinary 35 millimeter film. Twenty Polaroid photos—sold in packs of ten at $5.90 (that's already discounted)—cost $11.80, or 59 cents each. The same number of processed Kodak color prints—including the price of film—goes for $7.47, about 37 cents each and discount brands go as low as 29⅝ cents.

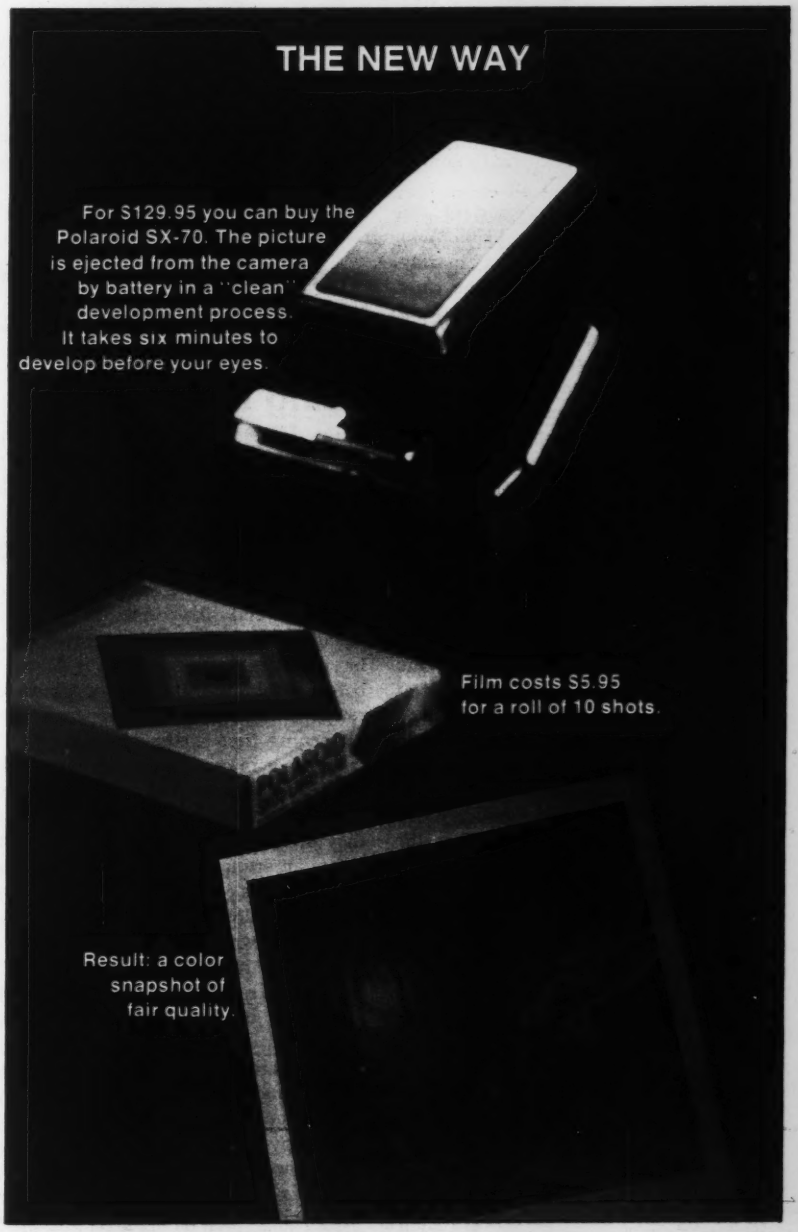
For over half a billion investment, one could certainly hope for a better return. By contrast, the $40,000 earmarked to develop the incandescent lamp years ago seems like quite a good buy indeed. And the $18 that Thomas Edison used to construct the first successful phonograph must have come from the bargain basement of American technology.

Tall, trim, greying, Don Dery, Polaroid's chief public relations officer, sits in his office at Technology Square. A button on the wall reading, "Kiss me baby, come to where the flavor is," seems embarrassingly out of place amidst the strict security measures designed to prevent corporate espionage. More telling is a framed poster reading, "The Alger Hiss Memorial Unauthorized Disclosure Award."

But Dery is not about to make any unauthorized disclosures. Sometimes cordial, sometimes stonewalling it in the best Ziegleresque tradition, Dery is under fire and says so. "I've had twelve national publications call me in the last few weeks," he says, "and they are all asking me the same questions you are. This business about the SX-70 being the Edsel of the '70s is the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard." When asked if Polaroid might junk the SX-70 and head out in another direction, Dery is incredulous. "The SX-70 *is* Polaroid's future," he says. "And right now we're at the launching pad of a bright new future."

Dery likes to think the cause of all the trouble lies elsewhere. Among the scapegoats he points to are Wall Street analysts whom he claims created unreasonable expectations for the camera. When I confronted an analyst with the charge, she was outraged. "Of all the gall," she said. "Who built up those expectations? Not us. Here you have Edwin Land saying that he has an invention that will have the impact of the telephone, and they accuse us of building up expectations!"

Indeed. The spate of television commercials you may have seen starring Sir Laurence Olivier (at a reported cost of $250,000) are just a small part of Polaroid's carefully orchestrated campaign for the camera, a campaign that began well before the camera was released. Throughout its history Polaroid, combining a flair for glamour with corporate security measures approaching the Pentagon's, has shown a genuine talent for playing off members of the press against one another. Edwin Land's dramatic presentations at annual stockholder meetings are always good for reams of copy. Because he is so rarely available to the press, when he does allow interviews—whenever a new Polaroid product is released—his every word is given added weight by the press. Consider


THE NEW WAY
For $129.95 you can buy the Polaroid SX-70. The picture is ejected from the camera by battery in a "clean" development process. It takes six minutes to develop before your eyes.
Film costs $5.95 for a roll of 10 shots.
Result: a color snapshot of fair quality.

the following articles—not advertisements—at no cost to Polaroid.

Time magazine, June 26, 1972. A Polaroid-like snapshot of Edwin Land adorns the cover with the following headline: "Here Come Those Great New Cameras." Inside, an unprecedented six full pages devoted to the debut of an as yet untested camera, with nearly a full page devoted to Land's philosophy.

Life magazine, October 27, 1972. Not to be outdone by its sister publication, *Life,* on its deathbed, gives its cover over to a picture of Edwin Land turning his SX-70 on a bunch of young children. The headline reads, "A Genius and his Magic Camera." Inside are seven full pages extolling the virtues of the camera, including a full page of Land's philosophy (it hadn't changed that much since *Time* ran their version of his philosophy four months earlier). There is also a full page photo of the camera inside, which, it turns out, has come from the cover of Polaroid's annual report.

And, most embarrassing of all, *Popular Mechanics,* August 1970. "You are looking at one of the most amazing cameras ever invented," reads the copy facing a complex schematic diagram for a camera. We learn later on that *Popular Mechanics*' ace reporters have obtained copies of patents issued recently to Dr. Land, and they have pieced them together in hopes of beating out other publications that are anxious to find out what the SX-70 looks like. The only problem, painfully apparent four years later, is that the diagram bears only the slightest resemblance to the SX-70.

It would be an understatement to say that the SX-70 doesn't live up to its billing, destined, as Land would have it, to revolutionize the lives of Americans. One story, elevated to the status of legend at Polaroid, has it that Land first conceived of the no-garbage SX-70 when he heard that moose in Saskatchewan were being poisoned by the toxic wastes from the film of earlier Polaroid models. A telling point. Ecologically benign as the SX-70 is, the garbage-free aspect of the new camera remains the only significant functional improvement over previous Land cameras. Where did the $600 million go? For openers, two and one-half *years,* if you can imagine it, of *full-time* computer work were required to discover the proper curve of a single concave mirror that is used in the camera. Whole new lines of dyes were created. The eyepiece—which, incidentally, is incredibly awkward—cost a full $2 million to develop. They said that no single lens reflex camera could possibly work in such a small camera body. Yet for all the ingenuity that went into making it work, the camera will still tear your breast pocket if you try to squeeze it in. It is a new camera, a "reinvented camera," an ingenious optical system, that's for sure. But other, far cheaper cameras can still perform the same photographic tasks much better.

Yet, Polaroid dreams on. "Land is convinced," says Dery, "and I would hate to be the one to say he is wrong, that ultimately the SX-70 will be used by virtually everyone and will probably be used several times a day. You won't always be using it for pleasure, but you will use it for both pleasure and your job. For example, if I didn't have an extra copy of this pamphlet I'm giving you, the simplest way to transfer the information would be to take a picture of the page."

Not to belabor the obvious, Xerox has already manufactured machines which can copy printed matter far more cheaply than the SX-70 can ever hope to. Are there any uses to which the SX-70 might be put that we could be overlooking. MIT's Langdon Winner thinks not. "Cameras have been around a long time," he notes. "The only difference between this and other cameras is that it is instant—though slower than previous Polaroids—it is waste free, and it develops before your eyes. It's simply gimmicky rather than useful. What appears to be happening here is the same thing that takes place in other industries once basic social needs are met and markets are saturated. Innovations continue, even though they are unnecessary, in the attempt to create an artificial market." In that light, certain parts of Land's "philosophy" sound ridiculous. "The only reason I did all this," he wrote in *Life* magazine, referring to his invention of the SX-70, "is because I knew I loved to take pictures and there just wasn't any good way of doing it."

"This business about the SX-70 being the Edsel of the '70s is the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard"

Irrational as the concept behind the camera may be, Polaroid is, at the moment, more concerned with the practical side of putting it out. The difference, as Land once poetically remarked to a reporter, is like that "between conceiving a child and having to bring the damn kid up." The current state of Polaroid's problem child is something of a deep dark secret. Production has improved in recent months—the company won't say how much—though at one point a full 30 percent of the SX-70s coming off the production line had to be sent back to be repaired. With production delays at virtually every stage of the game, Polaroid has had a hard time trying to correlate their tremendous fluctuation in seasonal demand with their erratic production schedule. Today, only 5,000 to 6,000 SX-70s are rolling off the assembly lines daily, about half of what Land had hoped for.

Polaroid's biggest production problem has been in the hands of ESB, Inc., makers of Ray-O-Vac batteries as well as those batteries for the SX-70 film pack, which are essential to the use of the camera. Each battery pack initially hit the market with a shelf life of only three months. That meant that by the time the film was packaged and distributed to the dealers, its shelf life was almost over before the consumer had a chance to buy it. Hundreds of thousands of defective film packs have been returned because of the problem. Today, Polaroid has taken over the manufacture of some of the batteries, but the problem is not yet solved. "Now we've lengthened the life of the battery to more than eight months," Dery explains. "But we still are uncertain as to how long they will last so we label the shelf life as six months. We are now trying to increase the longevity to a year or 15 months."

In addition, Polaroid has had trouble marketing the camera. When I asked Don Dery about his company's relationship with its camera dealers, he anticipated my question. "They hate us," he said. And well they might. Polaroid has plowed all its resources into selling through mass marketing outlets—discount stores, drugstores, even supermarkets. Though the cameras are sold at the same wholesale price to all outlets, mass merchandizers are able to use them as loss leaders, selling them at cost or below to bring more traffic in off the street. Meanwhile, the smaller camera stores are unable to compete.

"The way they market this thing is crazy," complains one downtown Boston camera dealer. "It's like selling Cadillacs in a supermarket. This is a sophisticated product and it needs some instruction for a user to know how to use it properly. People come in all the time wanting us to demonstrate the camera to find out how it works. They find the discount places can undersell us so they leave. I have to make at least 15 demonstrations before I can make one sale. And believe me, when

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When simple was really simple . . .

you've got 5,000 or 10,000 camera dealers selling against a product as Polaroid does, as of that moment, you've got a dead product."

Nor are the small camera dealers the only ones who are fed up. Says the president of a large drugstore chain that until recently handled the camera, "Now, even the discounters hate Polaroid." When the SX-70 first began rolling off the assembly lines, Polaroid offered it to the big discount chains on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. They gave no credit and allowed no returns, an extremely rare attitude for such a prestigious company to take. And before any of them could rack up much of a sale on the camera, let alone profits, K-Mart chopped $70 off the list price and advertised the camera like crazy to draw customers into their stores. "That cut the balls out from under all of us," says the drug-chain owner. "We were all stuck with it. Our company had $400,000 worth of SX-70s sitting on the shelves. We finally found a bootleg dealer and sold them all at cost less 10 percent. And good riddance."

Such tales have much to do with the 90 percent drop in the value of Polaroid's stock. The most bullish language analysts now use about the former glamour stock are phases like "speculatively attractive" and "cautiously optimistic." Few brokers are urging their clients to buy, even at the stock's current low price. "Hold" is the most common advice on the stock now, most brokers reasoning that it has already hit bottom and could well continue its slow upward climb, given concrete evidence of improved earnings. "I think it is possible for them to recover," says Peter Smith of Spencer, Trask in New York. "But I'm waiting for tangible developments to come from the corporation. In other words, the ball is in their court." Another broker said he thought the stock might well recover somewhat, though never to the inflated 1973 levels. A key question, he said, is the level of film use for the SX-70, since it is in film that the company makes most of its profit. Polaroid says the camera has been using up more film than any of its other cameras—a good sign, but there are also reports that film use falls off more rapidly than with past Polaroids.

If the blame for the SX-70 fiasco is to fall on any shoulders at Polaroid, it must be those of Dr. Edwin Land, the only man there who can be accorded any significant amount of corporate responsibility. Founder, president, chairman of the board, director of research and largest single stockholder at Polaroid, Land at 65 occupies a unique position on the American corporate landscape. Scientist, humanist, businessman, he dominates Polaroid as few executives dominate major corporations today. He is accorded an immense amount of personal respect. One Polaroid employee gave me some literature Land wrote, told me to read it carefully, paused, then sighed. "God, he's a poet," she said. Another receptionist once sternly rebuked a reporter asking for Mr. Land. "It's *Dr.* Land," she said. An officer of the corporation puts it quite simply: "Polaroid is a one man company."

Though Land himself is an elusive character and most of his friends refuse to discuss him with reporters, one former acquaintance who can give a glimpse of what he is like is William A. Shurcliff, a scientist at Harvard's Cambridge Electron Accelerator. A teaching fellow at Harvard back when Land was a student in 1929, Shurcliff knew Land for more than 25 years at Harvard and Polaroid before quitting the latter in the late '50s. "One of his peculiar capabilities was changing his outlook from being a very cynical businessman to being an absolute idealist," Shurcliff recalls. "He would sit back, shut his eyes, think of the absolute ideal way to make something, the ideal function or purpose. Then, he would suddenly change hats and become absolutely practical and realistic. There was always this sudden shift and people would either be amused, pleased or annoyed."

In Schurcliff's mind, Land the idealist and Land the cynical businessman are in perfect balance. But perhaps the problem is that the latter has overwhelmed the former. Certainly it was an idealistic young Land who dropped out of Harvard College after discovering the phenomenon of Polarized light. His very first idea for the application of his invention stands to this day as his best. Land realized that, by Polarizing the headlights on automobiles, he could cut down on the glare of night driving. Not only would driving become more pleasant for millions, but thousands of lives might be saved. (For some reason, the auto companies still have not bought the idea—not even in this age of seatbelts and safety first.)

Compare that idealistic notion with the SX-70, an attempt to wring the last out of an already saturated market for instant, one-step cameras. Polaroid's new camera is little more than a technological toy. In the final analysis, it is arguable whether it even cuts down on the bother—let alone the expense—of taking pictures. Unwittingly, Land wrote the best commentary on himself and his camera in his *Life* philosophy. "Many people are creative," he wrote, "but use their competence in ways so trivial that it takes them nowhere." ●

Candid candidates

By Robert Lasson and David Eynon

It was the presidential election of 1976 that triggered the "Candor Race," when the Republican candidate opened by introducing his mistress on network television. The Democratic opponent countered by turning himself in for tax evasion. The "Law & Order" candidate ran from his cell at a state prison, promising early self-parole if elected.

By 1980 the public was no longer impressed when national conventions of both parties featured slide shows on the FBI files on leading nominees. But the Democrats pulled out ahead with a nominating speech by the candidate's psychiatrist, which gave a new luster to "the man who . . ." cliche.

1984 saw postal inspectors desperately screening all party mailing pieces, now vivid with self-incriminating pornographic photos. The losing candidate that year won himself a starring role in the Swedish spectacular *Senators in Leather*. And after the inauguration the new secretary of state sued the incumbent chief of staff for alienation of presidential affections.

But political scientists now agree that the peak of the Candor Race was reached in a minor gubernatorial contest in the Midwest on September 18, 1988. All tapes are still in the possession of the House committee, but here is a secret transcript of *Face the Fact*, a hard-hitting TV interview show featuring Donald T. Emmis, prominent industrialist, running for governor of his state.

* * *

Interviewer: Good afternoon, Mr. Emmis, and welcome to *Face the Fact*. Could you tell us why you are giving up your successful contracting business to become a candidate in this fight?

Emmis: Gladly, Jack. I'm not getting any younger, you know, and I figure this is my last chance to really make a bundle.

Interviewer: How to you mean that, sir?

Emmis: Well, Sam, you mentioned my contracting business. It's not strictly accurate to say I'm "giving it up." My son-in-law will be in complete charge, and I'm also the silent partner in a road-building firm. Do you follow me?

Interviewer: You mean . . .

Emmis: Public works, Dick! Schools! Libraries! Post offices! Turnpikes! My God, I'll make another fortune.

Interviewer: Your opponent has said that your interest in education was rather sudden. How about that?

Emmis: In a sense he was quite right, Dave. I just got controlling interest in the Simpson Textbook Company as the campaign started.

Interviewer: I see. Would you care to comment on your relationship with Ms. Irma Fenstermacher?

Emmis: She's a really wonderful girl with a bod that won't quit. I bet you'd like to get a little of that yourself, eh? Har, har!

Interviewer: How about your war record? Your opponent in the primary dropped some hints that you were a draft dodger during the Korean War.

Emmis: Well, Frank, if you call not wanting to get killed a draft dodger, I guess that makes me a draft dodger. But I was pulling my weight in the shipyard for two long years, and making out like gangbusters. All that overtime. Tell you the truth, Bob, when the truce was announced, I broke down and cried like a baby. Only a real man would have the guts to say that on television.

Interviewer: Yes. Would you care to comment on the charges of "irregularity" in the primary?

Emmis: I certainly would, Chuck. Stuffing the ballot boxes and voting stiffs are grand old American customs.

Interviewer: One last question, Mr. Emmis. Could you tell us why you sold your lovely old house in town and moved your family out to the suburbs?

Emmis: Gladly, Joe. To get away from all those Jews and niggers. Next question.

* * *

Emmis lost the gubernatorial race in a spectacular landslide. The night before the election, his opponent went on TV to expose Emmis' candor as complete fabrication. Emmis had served with distinction in Korea and Ms. Fenstermacher admitted he had never touched her.

A wave of candor-revulsion swept the body politic. Candidates on all levels began crash courses in equivocation. Within a month of the Emmis exposure, it became perfectly clear that for the decade ahead national politics was in for a generation of candidates hoping to trade on their resemblance to the 37th President of the United States. ●

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

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By Lynn Darling

A cause without rebels

Faithful and determined, Right-to-Lifers descend on Capitol Hill every week to wage a losing battle against the abortion law

Who are these people, these covens of middle-aged women marching through Congress (sometimes with a pimply-faced adolescent in tow), their chests armored with buttons, clutching plastic roses and binders bulging with garish glossies of aborted fetuses? They make a four-story elevator ride interminable and wipe carefully constructed meet-the-constituent smiles off the most practiced of faces. From a distance they seem monolithic, indistinguishable from one another. Every week they come, marching into offices without appointments, their demands nonnegotiable, concessions inconceivable.

Why do they do the things they do? Lobbying on Capitol Hill is an exercise appraised not for the subtlety of the message but for the intricacy of the motion. It is a complicated little gavotte in which flattery, threats, caresses, retreats and advances are choreographed precisely, in which the only unpardonable maneuver is to step on the opposition's toes. Winning is supposed to be a long-term proposition and gains are measured accordingly. But the Right-to-Lifers come on like pile drivers and on Capitol Hill that seems downright indecorous.

In the year and a half since the Supreme Court decision striking down abortion laws, the abortion issue has descended on Capitol Hill like an advancing storm cloud and legions of lobbyists and massive letter-writing campaigns have invested the anti-abortion forces with a political clout out of all proportion to their numbers. As a result, in Congress a number of anti-abortion amendments were successfully attached to legislation dealing

The gruesome pictures cause the onlooker to recoil—not from "the truth" but from being hit with a cheap shot. Right-to-Lifers say the buttons and roses arouse people's curiousity: "I tell them the roses represent the babies."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DICK SWANSON

with such subjects as legal services and foreign aid. The effect of these amendments has been to limit federal spending for abortion and related services.

To many political observers it began to seem that the abortion issue could threaten political futures with all the gale-force winds that the Right-to-Lifers had forecasted. Politicians cast a wary eye on the off-year elections like the Luken-Graddison special congressional election in Cincinnati, where anti-abortion positions seemed to help; some, like Senator Birch Bayh, the Indiana Democrat whose subcommittee began hearings on the so-called Human Life Amendment which would give full constitutional rights to the fetus, played to the anti-abortion constituency.

But the recent elections proved that the apprehensions had been premature. Abortion simply was not an issue in most parts of the country. Indeed, such pro-abortion congressmen as James Symington (D-Mo.) and Don Edwards (D-Calif.), both of whom had faced strong Right-to-Life opposition in the primaries, swept to solid victories in November. And Barbara Keating, the Conservative Party Senate candidate in New York whose campaign was grounded in the anti-abortion issue—and included a series of gruesome Right-to-Life-sponsored television commercials—polled only 15 percent. Moreover, questionnaires which most congressmen have sent out to constituents have shown the overwhelming majority in support of the Supreme Court decision.

Such criteria are the straws that both sides use to test the direction of the

political wind, but they are tenuous indicators at best. For the present, the hearings in Bayh's subcommittee constitute the Right-to-Lifers' most visible platform—and it is to the Capitol that they come to spread the word to waffling legislators.

Outside the Senate hearing room, where the Human Life Amendment is being discussed, about 30 of the faithful are milling about, gradually coalescing into groups of five and six, plotting their strategy for the day, whom they will see and what they will talk about. One tall, florid-faced man seems to be in charge—at least he talks the loudest and is asked the most questions. I tell him that I would like to follow some of the lobbyists around for the day and wait, expecting a barrage of questions that will help him determine my own stand on the issue. Instead, he beams and tells me he's glad to have me aboard, assuming, apparently, that I must be on the side of the angels. Surveying the flock, he leads me over to a short woman with dark, close-cropped hair and angular features. She is in her 40s and is wearing a nondescript skirt and a button-bedecked blue blazer. "America, Protect Your Unborn," exhorts one of the buttons. "Where Have All the Babies Gone?" asks another. A Right-to-Life pendant dangles from her neck and a bracelet bewailing the 1973 Supreme Court decision circles her wrist.

"Hey, Theresa," says the man in charge, "take care of this girl, will you. She's from the press. She wants to follow you around." Theresa smiles, the five others in her group accept the addition matter-of-factly, and we set off down the long corridor.

This group is mostly from Long Island, center of some of the most intense anti-abortion activity in the country. They are members of small, self-organized, hometown groups with names like Celebrate Life Committee and Families for Life. Once every two weeks, they awake at three o'clock in the morning to meet a chartered bus which deposits them near the House Office Buildings. The trip costs them about $20 each of their "hard-earned money" as well as much of their vacation time, as they will point out again and again. They are extraordinarily proud of their commitment to the cause and of the sacrifices it entails. "Look at all of the other groups who come down here," they will tell you. "They all have something in it for themselves, even the Negroes. But what have we got to get out of it? Nothing. Except to be able to look our children in the eye and to let them know we didn't let this horror continue."

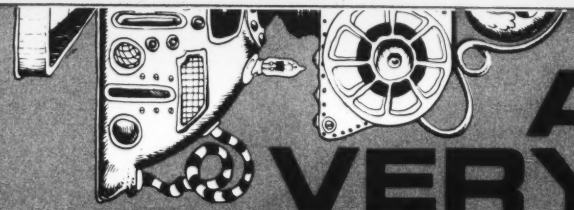
From self-organized, hometown groups, the anti-abortion lobbyists are proud of their commitment to the cause.

But Theresa, at least, worries now about whether her children may not look her in the eye and greet her efforts with little more than an indifferent shrug of the shoulders. A few weeks ago, her 23-year-old daughter shocked her and her husband by announcing at the dinner table that while she herself would never get an abortion, she thought it was perfectly all right if someone else wanted to. Theresa blames it on the schools. "You do all you can to bring them up right and then they go off to school and everything you tried to accomplish is undone. You don't recognize them anymore. What can you do?"

She sighs, and the others seated around the table nod sympathetically. They are taking a quick lunch break in one of the Senate cafeterias. Normally, they would forego such an indulgence, but it's one o'clock and they have been here enough times to know that no one but secretaries will be in the offices now anyway. Relaxing from the long bus ride, they take a minute to talk about themselves and the nature of their involvement.

Theresa has been working against abortion ever since the law was changed in New York. Together with her husband Jim, whom she describes somewhat vaguely as being in advertising, she has lobbied the state legislature, picketed hospitals and put out fact sheets and newsletters exhorting her community to get with it. She talks with machine-gun rapidity, her eyes constantly darting around on the lookout for an unwary legislator, her hands leafing through a massive fake-leather binder filled with pictures, statistics and literature. She pats the binder affectionately. "In the morning, this thing must weigh 20 tons, but by the evening it's empty. That's how I know it's been a good day." To Theresa, society is becoming an increasingly hostile place ("so much permissiveness, so much sex"), and abortion is only the tip of the iceberg. Government enforced euthanasia for the old, the crippled and minorities is but a few short steps away, she says, as she conjures up visions of a tightly regimented society.

Gus and Ciel are in their 30s, a couple clearly devoted to each other and to their four young children. Gus is a switchman for the telephone company, short, thin and balding, with the inquisitive air of an alert rabbit. He speaks slowly, in shy soft-spoken tones, introducing his words with a hesitant smile. "It was those damn pictures that got me involved," he says, and nods wryly at the memory. "I just couldn't get them out of my head after my wife showed them to me." (Later he will approach me, afraid that his attempt at irony might have been



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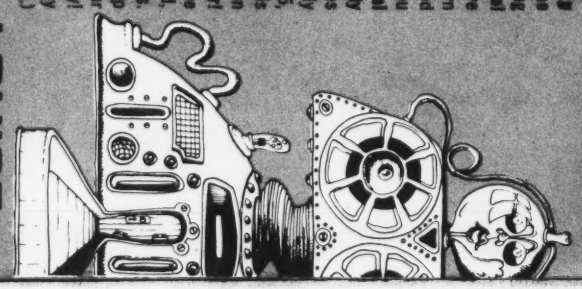

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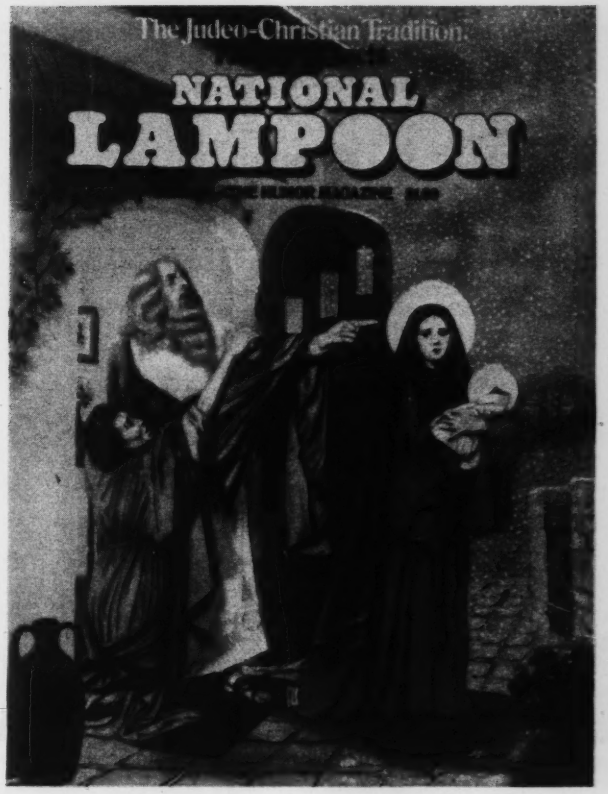

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"I thought all we had to do was talk to them and they would understand."

misunderstood. "About those pictures. I said 'damn pictures'—I didn't mean that like they were bad or anything. I just meant, well, you know, their effect. Please don't get me wrong.") Gus has never been involved in politics before. "I'd even forget to vote, out of apathy, I guess." But now he is the vice-president of the local anti-abortion group, Families for Life, reads "everything I can get my hands on" about abortion and has a subscription to the *Congressional Record*. Unlike the others, he volunteers little of his view on the world. He chooses his words carefully, speaking only about the issue at hand. Theresa is the spokesperson for the group, Gus is their leader.

His wife Ciel seems almost a reflection of him, short, pale, quietly determined. For Ciel, the trips to Washington have reaped an intense disillusionment with the political process and distrust of the people who run it. "I used to be in awe of politicians, of what they could do, of how much more they know about things than I do. But now I'm just discouraged about the whole system. Politicians—they're just out to save their own necks."

Dorothy, a third woman in the group, is from Maryland, and this is her first lobbying trip. She has come to learn the ropes. She sits quietly, saying little, smiling benignly whenever you catch her glance. But toss a question in her direction about the purpose served by knowingly giving birth to children who will be little more than vegetables, and you have a grandmotherly fanatic on your hands. "Oh," she says with alarm, "if life were ever easy, how on earth would you ever show what you are made of and how much love you have to give away? That's what you're here for, to struggle and to make do with what you've got." She uses her neighborhood as an example. She is surrounded, it seems, by hemophiliacs, brain-damaged children, stroke and cerebral palsy victims. "Should they be put to sleep? Shouldn't they be given a chance to prove themselves, too? . . ." She will stop only when the little group gets up to thread its way through the maze of congressional corridors.

"All of the other groups who came down here have something in it for themselves. But what have we got to get out of it? Nothing"

Alice and William seem to be there mostly to provide the numbers that the group believes will force Congress to listen to them. Alice's main function is to stare down laconic secretaries with an unblinking, level gaze. William, a wraithlike college student, came because his uncle told him to. He says nothing, smiles shyly and seems content to be forgotten by the rest of the group.

They are all of them good Catholics, united in large tightly-knit families working hard to make ends meet. Back home, they lead cloistered lives. They follow the familiar suburban routine of supermarkets, public schools and station wagons. They are not glamorous, but they are certain that they have paid their dues and that they are entitled to a world painted in primary colors. They believe that people are born to marry, to bear children and to die. For them, these events are givens, unalterable absolutes. They don't understand why, in the world around them, there are suddenly options, to be weighed carefully against alternatives. Observing them in the middle of a place which turns on a fulcrum of ifs and buts, their either-or simplicity is bewildering. The contrast makes them somehow vulnerable and destroys carefully

A former staff reporter for the Richmond (Va.) Mercury *and staffer for Rep. John Conyers (D-Mich.), Lynn Darling is now a free-lance writer in Washington.*

Congressional aides are the shock troops called upon to meet attacking Right-to-Lifers.

constructed stereotypes. They are no tightly organized army marching to the sound of a mindless drumbeat, but they are convinced, as Theresa says proudly, that "we make a difference."

It is time to hit the offices. The group is more disorganized than usual, and they are unsure where to go first. The briefing on the bus concerning what issues they should discuss was vague and unclear. Searching for an elevator, they welcome questions on their stand as a means of rehearsing their lines. What about abortion to save the life of the mother? "There is no such thing. When the mother's life is in danger, it is no longer an abortion." Won't abortions be performed no matter what the law, with much more danger to the woman? "Prostitution will always be around, but you don't legalize it." What about unwanted children? "Adopt them, don't abort them." But what about a woman's right to her own body? "She has no rights to the body of her baby." They answer each question in a rote-like fashion, the words carefully chosen. They talk of babies and the unborn, not of embryos or fetuses. They will correct you patiently. No, they are not anti-abortion, they are pro-life. They refer to the opposition as anti-life. (Semantics, it turns out, is one of the few things they share in common with their opponents. The other side will tell you that they are not pro-abortion, they are for freedom of choice. They are against compulsory pregnancy.)

"It's all very simple," Theresa says as we head off to the first office. "We have faith in God. We're doing God's will."

God directs them first to Senator Thomas Eagleton's office. Their main spiel on the Senate side is in behalf of an anti-abortion amendment that they want added to an HEW appropriations bill. The amendment was introduced in the House by New York Republican Congressman Angelo Roncallo and was defeated. Before the Senate vote,* the Right-to-Lifers want to know who's on their side. Eagleton's aide, a tall balding man with glasses, meets with them in the hall. They tell him quietly, earnestly, what they want. Would the senator sponsor such an amendment? The aide answers questions laconically and refuses to be drawn into a discussion. There is a pause. "Well," says Gus, "uh, I guess that's it. Uh, thanks." The aide vanishes.

"I used to be in awe of politicians, of how much more they know. But now I'm just discouraged about the whole system"

They proceed down the hall. Gus has been thinking. "Look, from now on, do you mind if we introduce you as a member of the press? I think we'll get listened to better that way. They won't cut us off so quick."

The next stop is Pennsylvania Republican Senator Richard Schweiker's office. A young woman comes out to talk to them. Gus does his thing. "Uh, we'd like to talk to you about the senator's position on abortion and whether he would sponsor an amendment to the HEW bill, and I think you should know we have a member of the press here with us." She is not impressed. She tells them that the senator will consider the amendment when the issue comes up. They pump her for more of an assurance. She glances at her watch and thanks them for stopping by with a noticeable lack of sincerity.

Senator Theodore Stevens, a Democrat from Alaska, is down the hall. No, they can't talk to the senator. The person who normally handles the issue is in Alaska. Yes, there is someone else in the office who could talk to them, but she's not here right now. Could they come back later? Yes, they will come back later. At Senator Edward Brook's office, it is much the same story.

At Senator Ted Kennedy's office, a young and beautiful secretary looks at the group as if they were a mistake in the letter she's typing. "The man who handles that issue for the senator is in the subcommittee office, Room 4228," she tells them. In Room 4228 they are told that the-man-who-handles-that-issue-for-the-senator is in California and works only on a part-time consultant basis. No, there is absolutely no one else who could possibly talk to them about it. "It's amazing how no one knows anything about anything around here," Ciel observes to a nearby Xerox machine.

They trudge back down the hall. Theresa sighs. "In the beginning, we couldn't see the congressmen or senators. Now, we can't even see the staff. Pretty soon, it will be the secretaries." Ciel agrees. "Gus thinks they're fed up with the whole thing, but after all, they represent all of us. I don't want my tax money used for abortions. I thought for a while that all we had to do was to talk to them and they would understand. I was naive I guess. But most Americans are. I see now that the deck is stacked. The government is heavily weighted against pro-life because they want to control the quality of life. They don't like it when you keep coming back."

Back in Senator Stevens' office, a bright-faced young aide greets the group with a cheery smile. "What can I do for you?" They give her their message. She smiles again. "No, the senator won't vote for such an amendment. He doesn't think abortion is a matter for the federal government to get involved in. That's just his stand." Theresa asks if they could leave some literature. "We have all that stuff." "But it might change his mind." "I doubt it." The aide relents a little. Taking the pamphlets, obviously destined for the wastebasket, she says, "Look, I know this is a very emotional issue, but. . . ." Theresa has had enough. "I wouldn't call it an emotional issue at all," she snaps.

* The Senate has since passed the amendment.—Ed.

"It's cut and dry. If you're not with us, you're against us. How do the senator's constituents feel about it?" The aide smiles again. "Actually, we just did a poll and 64 percent of them are in favor of abortion." Theresa pauses. "How many people were asked?" "Oh, it was a really good return, much larger than usual."

They leave the office. The group seems tired, a little discouraged, uncertain what to do next. Suddenly Gus looks up. "I know what we'll do. We'll go to Congressman Ashbrook's office. He has a really good assistant, very pro-life. Let's see what he's up to."

The others in the group nod their assent. Any port in a storm seems to be the feeling, and they can use a little refueling. After much shuffling of papers and roses, the group makes it over to the Cannon House Office Building. As we wait in Congressman John Ashbrook's (R-Ohio) office, I mention the many buttons the group members are wearing. "Yeah," says Gus, "we come down here a lot you know, and the buttons help to identify us. The guards don't even check our packages anymore. They know we're okay, just doing our job like them."

Theresa thinks the buttons and the plastic roses they carry are good educational tools that arouse people's curiosity, which gives her a chance to explain their position. "I tell them that the roses represent life and the babies, which really makes them think, you know?" But, says Theresa, not everybody seems to understand. "My husband, he reads this magazine . . . *Viva*. It's a foreign magazine, you know. He gets all those foreign magazines. Anyway, he says there was an article in it once that called our plastic roses tacky. Well, my God, if we're wilted by the end of the day, think what would happen to real roses!"

Presently, Ashbrook's assistant, the one that Gus knows, makes his appearance. Don Evans greets them warmly, almost shyly. He is a pleasant-looking, thin, dark-haired man with only one hand. Theresa watches him closely and shakes her head at the missing hand. "They're next. They don't realize it, but they are. So, of course, I give them the information on euthanasia. That should shake them up."

Gus asks Evans how the congressman voted on the Roncallo amendment. Apologetically, Evans tells him that his boss voted against it. He offers a word of encouragement. "I don't think that's his final position. I wouldn't give up hope on him yet." On their way out, Theresa inundates him with literature—"There's some great stuff on euthanasia"—and pictures—"Here, this one isn't so bad. People find this easier to take."

They leave the office, ready now for a final foray. Gus and Ciel break off from the group in order to buy refreshments for the long trip back. Gus puts Theresa in charge, telling her to go to see New York Congressman Barber Conable, fourth-ranking House Republican and chairman of the Republican Policy Committee. "Barber?" she asks. "What kind of name is Barber? I don't know anything about the guy." The lack of information does not seem to bother her.

Another 20 minutes and they make it next door to the Rayburn Building. Harry Nicholas, Conable's administrative assistant, strides in with an energetic no-nonsense air. They ask him about Conable's vote on the Roncallo amendment. Nicholas says he voted against it because he didn't think one class of citizens should be prohibited from getting abortions while others with more money could. They counter that the rich will always be able to afford what the poor cannot. They ask if the congressman has signed the discharge petition which would force the Human Life Amendment out of the House committee it's buried in and onto the floor for a vote. No, says Nicholas, Conable thinks the amendment should be the subject of full and thorough hearings. "How long do we have to wait?" Theresa

Right-to-Lifers believe that people are born to marry, bear children and die; these events are unalterable absolutes.

wants to know. "It's been in the committee for six months." I expect a shrug and an end to the conversation, but Nicholas takes the time to give them an impromptu lecture on the ways and will of Congress. "Look," he says, "scores of your people come in here every day, and I listen. But many people think your tactics aren't going to work out. You have to start understanding how things happen around here. Medicare took between 8 and 10 years to pass the Congress. What makes you think you can get a constitutional amendment in six months?"

Theresa is undeterred. "I'm not talking about Medicare," she says. "I'm talking about life and death. It's getting so that it's harder to have a baby than to kill one. It's a civil rights issue. Some people say there are two sides to this issue. We say no, there is only one side." She stops a moment. "Have you read the literature? Let me give you some things to read." Nicholas shakes his head. "Literature I don't need. I've seen all your literature." He pauses. "You have such gruesome pictures, you people." "It's a gruesome thing, abortion," counters one of the others. "Not to decide is to decide."

That answer has probably been given hundreds of times in response to reactions like Nicholas', but it is not enough. The pictures *are* gruesome—grey-toned fetuses in trash cans, enlarged photographs of the results of saline abortions, bloody heaps of arms and legs and heads—and they are obviously supposed to make one realize that it is a life, not a mass of cells, that is being destroyed. Their authenticity is questionable; most of them have never been thoroughly documented. But whether or not they are the real thing, they cause the onlooker to recoil in disgust—not from being confronted with "the truth," but from being hit with a cheap shot. The pictures answer none of the real questions about abortion, not the scientific ones, not the social ones, not the personal ones. They do not explain why unwanted or medically doomed children should be born, or when life begins, or how to accept responsibility for it when it does. These are hard questions—abortion is a hard question—and the pictures provide no answers. They only strip them of meaning.

Theresa isn't finished yet. "It's all a conspiracy, a conspiracy by the press. People aren't being listened to. But soon we'll have television commercials and then we won't have to worry about the media." She stops and gets up abruptly. It's time to meet the bus. She asks Nicholas to "express our sincerity to Mr. Conable, and tell him we won't go away."

They walk to the corner where the bus will meet them. As they wait for the stragglers to arrive, Theresa gives me a mass of books and pamphlets. One of the publications is entitled "A Practical Politics Kit." It is put out by her group, the Celebrate Life Committee, and is a rough-and-ready guide to governmental bureaucracy which describes how the Right-to-Lifers must deal with what they see as their real enemy, "the Pragmatic Politician—the legislator who cares little about the idealistic questions involved, the individual whose prime concern is his own reelection, his own convenience, the course of action that will bring him the most votes." Although the pamphlet ends up giving its readers advice guaranteed to alienate the most sympathetic of legislators, it contains remarkable insights into the machinations of Congress. As the authors note, "It all sounds terribly cold-blooded, doesn't it? And it is. But ultimately one has to make a choice. He can walk away from this as too pragmatic. . . . Or he can sit down at the table, reach for the cards and play poker with the Pragmatic Politicians."

Congressional aides are tired of listening to constant threats that a vote for abortion will mean defeat at the polls

That is, if the other side wants to play. Inflation, not abortion, is the issue Americans want to talk about and on which they based their votes. In light of the electoral results, congressional aides are annoyed by what they generally term the abrasiveness of the lobbyists who visit them. "I'm tired of being told that if the senator doesn't vote their way, then he must be a horrible person," says Linda Beech, an aide to Senator Stevens. "I think in the long run it will work against them."

Theresa and her group dismiss such complaints. "They say they're turned off, but it's just a dodge. They just don't want to have to face the problem."

Perhaps, but there are signs that the upper echelons of their movement have begun to realize that God's will and plastic roses are not the brick and mortar out of which legislative victories are constructed. Ray White, recently appointed executive director of the National Right-to-Life Committee, will defend the tactics of the troops in the field, will, despite all protests, haul out the bloody pictures and decry the permissive society in which he feels abortion flourishes. ("When I was growing up, my parents taught that a girl is not a plaything, but now people treat abortion like it was a tooth extraction.") But he will also admit that a different kind of approach might be in order. They are giving thought, he says, to employing professional lobbyists who can establish an ongoing one-to-one contact with the legislators. "We're trying to develop more, I guess you'd call it, finesse in dealing with Congress," he explains.

John W. St. Leger, executive director of the New York State Right-to-Life Committee, another recent appointee, is even more direct. Noting that both he and White were appointed because they were accomplished "organization men," he admits that criticisms of the volunteer lobbyists' gut level approach were "a factor in how we got moving in this direction." St. Leger's crisp, buoyant manner seems the wave of the future. It is easy to picture him joking with a couple of congressional types over a two-hour lunch. He'll know when to cajole, when to threaten and when to listen. He will be a sharp and pleasant contrast to the bedraggled, travel-stained sextet I have been following around all day.

The group is boarding the bus now, preparing themselves for the long trip back which will return them to their homes around one o'clock the next morning. It has not been a good day. Theresa's binder is still full. They say good-bye with tired smiles as they disappear inside to find a seat. John, Ciel's brother, is the last to get on. He is a bus driver, the town fire commissioner, the founder of Families for Life and the organizer of these trips. Every two weeks, he drives the bus back and forth to save the cost of a hired driver. A big, tireless man, St. Leger refers to him affectionately as "our own Paul Bunyan."

They'll be back in two weeks. Meanwhile, Gus will continue to plow through the *Congressional Record*, Ciel will brood on her latest confrontation with the system, and Theresa will shake her head over the future. Next time down, John says, they will ask the congressmen or the assistants or the secretaries or whoever will talk to them to impeach the seven Supreme Court justices who rendered the abortion decision. "After all," says John, "what they did is a lot worse than what Nixon did."

In Washington, Ray White will wince when asked if he supports such a position. "No," he'll say. "That's too far out. Where did you get that idea anyway?" ●

California hillbillies fight back!

Mendocino is sprinkled with exiles from conformity. Their homes resemble them, and they want to keep them, in spite of The Code

By James Real

The mountain people thought some dangerous crazy had busted out of the Mendocino County jail or maybe even San Quentin, only a hundred miles south and the setting of a lot of recent violent action. Why else would a sheriff's helicopter be out in the February fog and rain, slashing and thwacking in tight low circles over the handmade houses up here in the boonies? And why else, when everyone else was marooned, their vans and beetles and beat-up pickups sogged to the axles, were four-wheel drive jeeps with snow chains clawing and fishtailing up and down the slime of the saturated adobe fire trails? Why else would the people in the jeeps stop on the ridges and peer through binoculars at them and their buildings for a long time and then go clanking and skidding on out of sight and hearing?

Unsettled by the racket, one of the young "hill freaks," as the mountain people call themselves, flagged down a Mendocino County jeep on a fire road leading to Mid-Mountain colony, a community of 1,600 primitive homes scattered about 2,000 acres of thinly populated mountains east of Ukiah. He asked the two men in the jeep what was going on and was told the "posse" invading this rugged sanctuary was not after two-legged game, but after fugitive houses. One of the two said he was a building inspector, the other a sanitarian for the County Health Department. From them the young man, Eric, heard for the first time the term "task force" and was shown a "red tag" which pronounced "This Building Unfit for Human Occupancy" and then went on to order the occupants into the rain forthwith. Furious and terrified, Eric slogged the mile to the cabin of Saul and Anon, built of lumber salvaged from an old barn on their land.

Eric, Saul, Anon and the others hidden away in the hills belong to no grubby (or glossy, for that matter) commune. They are a different kind. These homesteaders are the youngish veterans of the flower children scene, of the Chicago and Pentagon confrontations, of the hard drug insanity, the traumas of the universities and the rest of the aberrations of the disheveled urban society of the 1960s. They are some of the more determined survivors who have quietly infiltrated the remote parts of the northern California wilderness. They bought large, cheap parcels of land logged over during the century that the giant timber companies ran everything north of San Francisco. They built with their own and their friends' hands an unknown number of primitive, sometimes very handsome houses of recycled lumber and other castoffs of the technological society. They tend their organic gardens, their goats and chickens, and a very limited herd of small children. At a time when all who lived through the great depression are frightened stiff about having to live through another, these kids have so reduced their dependent needs that they are unmoved by the state of the economy. Average cash outlay for these small houses is about $100.

For the seven or eight years that their chain-sawing, hammering and privy-digging has been going on in the back country, the people responsible for enforcing the rigid California Uniform Building Code and the equally strict vitreous toilet laws had ignored the structural

Real is a graphic designer and writer who lives in Pasadena, California.

Anon, one of the *formerly* paranoid hill people, is a leader of the fight to live in her kind of house in her kind of country.

novelties being put together in the boonies. Mendocino is a very poor county. It's been 1932 there ever since 1932. The unwritten law had been: if you don't hustle your neighbor's livestock, piss in the stream or waylay an underage chick, people will not hassle you. Now things had apparently changed.

Weeks after the first official scouting expedition, the full-scale raid was mounted. Anon, a taut, handsome 30-year-old blond woman, stopped searching underneath the house for her ornery manderin drake long enough to recall the event:

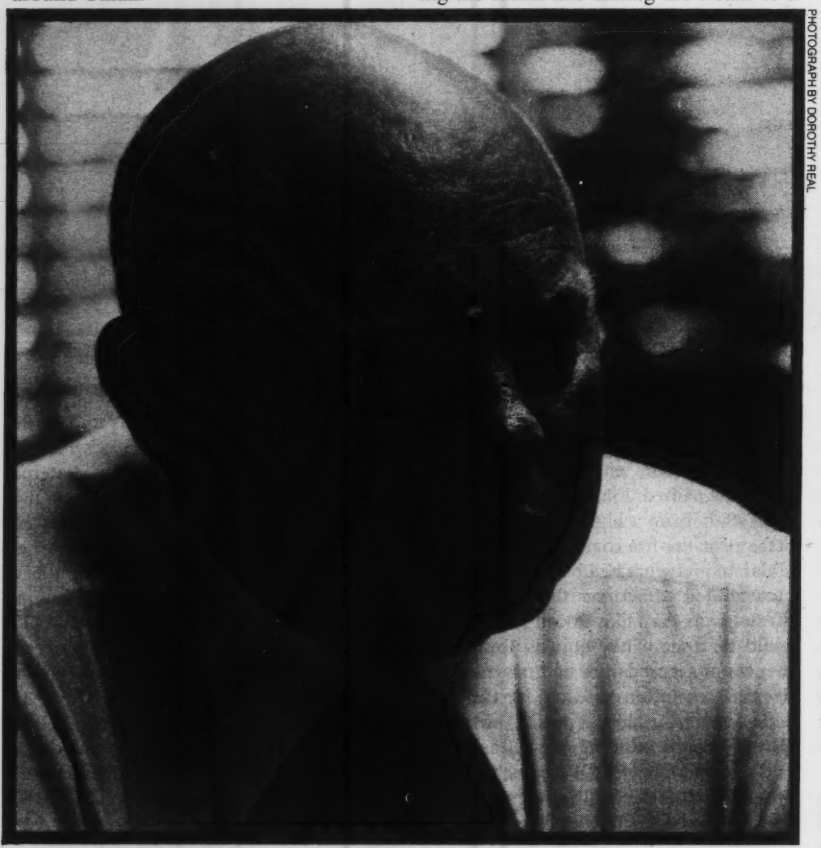
"Eric came walking through the mud and put his hands on my shoulders. He said, 'Anon, I've some bad news.' I said to myself, 'Oh Holy Christ, someone has committed suicide.' Then he told me the bad news we'd all been dreading. Although the county had usually looked the other way, we all knew we *could* be busted any time for building and living in non-code houses." The next day the jeeps were back and within the week almost all the mountain houses had been tagged and the owners given letters ordering the destruction of the houses within 30 days. "It was unbelievable," said one of the victims. "These dudes were climbing deer trails in a dead fog, looking for houses to tag." Bureaucracy moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform.

When the rains let up for a bit, Anon, Saul and a large, black-bearded young neighbor, an ex-IBM computer salesman named John Pateros, decanted John's bug from a high and relatively dry place near the fire road and slid down to Ukiah to find what had brought about this orchestrated attack on their alternative lifestyle, as they like to call it, and what could be done. They quickly found that the county grand jury had passed a belligerent resolution directed at the non-code owner-builders—"persons who totally disregard building as well as health and sanitation laws." "Whereas," the jury grouched, "for the health, safety and welfare of the citizens of Mendocino County, it is essential that steps be taken immediately to combat the violators and to utilize all of the civil or criminal remedies." It did not escape Anon and her friends that this them-and-us document separated the "citizens" of the county from "persons" and "violators." The jury went on to recommend that a "task force" composed of people from individual county departments—planning, sheriff, building, health, district attorney and assessor—be formed forthwith to "seek out the violators." The Board of Supervisors concurred, formed the Task Force, and appropriated $200,000 from their federal revenue sharing money for the search-and-destroy mission.

The mountain trio was told by the Building Department that there would be "no compromise." Says John Pateros: "There was only one course of action that would satisfy the law—that was to demolish our houses. Because none of us had applied for a permit, they were illegal structures. Because of this the Building Department contended that there was legally nothing to inspect. To apply for a permit, you had to first tear down the illegal structure—classic Catch 22. Of course, they leaned on the California Uniform Building Code passed by the legislature in 1965. This act was laid on all the counties. It directs that my mountain cabin be built to the same building standards as a Beverly Hills condominium. Before the grand jury got out of the barn, nobody up here paid any attention to this law."

The bureaucrats at the Building Department were intractable. Their honcho, Chief Building Inspector George Uhr, was unavailable. It was just three weeks before the first batch of tagged houses was due to be bulldozed. The rains were at their seasonal height. Anon, Saul and John knew that nobody could commute between Ukiah and the mountain homes. A wretched little apartment just down the street from the Mendocino

Courthouse was rented for 40 bucks a month. A phone was put in. The *Mendocino Grapevine*, the area's counterculture biweekly newspaper, carried a story about the newborn "United Stand" operation and urged anyone with a non-code house problem to get in touch and join up to save his home. At first the scrofulous little office was manned round the clock by the residents of Mid-Mountain and those living in the 22 houses scattered about on 5,400-acre Greenfield Ranch. These two large spreads were nearest Ukiah, one about 27 rugged miles north and east of town, the other about the same distance southwest of it. The word moved slowly to the more isolated areas around Ukiah.



PHOTOGRAPH BY DOROTHY REAL

Building Inspector Don Uhr, who opposes the hill people, warns of a hippy invasion.

As other hill folk drifted into town between rain storms and were told about the Task Force sweeps, some dropped their sleeping bags at the Smith Street office to launch a word-of-mouth campaign on the streets of Ukiah (pop. 10,095) and Willits, an even smaller town up Highway 101 a piece. Anon and the two Mid-Mountain men took off in Saul's old bug to spread the alarm throughout the hills and coastal country. They estimated there might be as many as 500 outlaw houses tucked in the mountains and coastal hills of Mendocino. They knew that almost none of the "freaks" had phones and few knew anybody but immediate neighbors and the local store people with whom the freaks usually shared little but enigmatic smiles. "Yeah, I guess you could call us paranoid," says Anon. "We didn't show anybody anything. You didn't even tell your friendly feed store man. If he asked you three times where you lived, he got three different vague answers." Now that the reticent homesteaders were trying to organize, this passion for prudent anonymity was backlashing. ("You know where Kevin lives?" "Well, not really, but I've *heard* of him.") The three messengers spent five days beating bushes and sounding the tocsin and calling the freaks to a meeting from all over the huge, formidable county. Anon pushes her cowgirl hat back on her head and hoists her long bare feet onto the desk at United Stand Headquarters.

"We talked to everyone who would listen. We dropped into communities in boondocks we'd never heard of. We'd stay overnight and push on into the next little village or crossroads, stopping people on the streets or in health food stores or wherever. We talked to straight people, we talked to long-term county residents. You can't call 'em *straight*—politically they're right in there with us. A person's house is his castle."

Mail and phone contact to US headquarters had begun to show that there were a lot more people and housing involved than anyone had guessed. On the night of the meeting over 225 people showed up from all over the county. The meeting had to be shifted from the bookstore to the First Christian Church. Although the county Task Force people had been asked to attend the first hour of explanation to the people of what United Stand was about and participate in the give and take from the floor, none of them showed up until eight o'clock, when their part of the session was due to start. "After a lot of really free, kind of manic exchange with the people," says Anon, "they came in a body through the door and marched up to the stage. They were poker-faced, grim, psychologically loaded for bear. There was a potential for a very heavy confrontation, but it didn't happen."

The county department representatives put on a pat presentation featuring Donald Uhr, chief building inspector, who was, and in some ways still is, the intractable heavy in the drama. Uhr is a stocky, thick-necked, skin-headed ex-National Guard officer who's seen active duty in the Corps of Engineers. He glories in "following the book." The audience sat in helpless frustration as their bête noire lectured them on the virtues of a proper toilet and the role of the engineer in modern society. "He made this speech," says Eric, "about why we have building codes, calling as examples 200 cases of typhoid in Australia and the perils of plate glass windows and doors to little kids. Nobody in that room *has* a plate glass door. He had the history of building back to Hannibal and made the code sound like it had been handed down by Moses. What did this crap have to do with being ordered to destroy our houses?"

"Some of you," announced the grim-faced Uhr, "have insoluble problems." The chief building inspector's sermon was followed by lectures on public health and county planning. Lee Adams, an assistant D.A., tried to put the prosecutor's dreary position to the crowd. Adams says: "There was an awful lot of venom coming from the crowd. I said, 'Look, *we're* not the political leaders around here. We're all just civil servants, doing what the law tells us to do. There are five men down there on the Board of Supervisors. If the laws aren't liveable, let's find out what's wrong with them and get them changed. Go talk to *them*. Present your problems and have some solution!'

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PHOTOGRAPH BY DOROTHY REAL

Hill people Steve, Anon, John, Dorine and Susan (top) laugh at a letter in a paper criticizing their way of life, and a hill couple on their front porch.

"Well, the wildest thing happened. They all broke into this roar of applause! Afterwards, I asked a local reporter what caused the cheering. I honestly didn't know. And she said, 'I think you told them they could talk to the Board of Supervisors.' And I said, 'That's what I thought I told them—that they should use the political process.' "

"At that point," says the shrewd Anon, " 'reasonable' was the key word. We had to come across as *reasonable* people. We needed to be recognized as cohabitants of this county. Except for our hair and funky costumes, we're not very different from anyone else around here. We own the land we live on. We pay taxes on it. Of the 225 people at the church meeting, perhaps 70 were straights—old-time residents in town or retired people on the little farms and ranches. Before the county officials showed up we had about an hour to get our message across to them. We outlined what the problem was and what we thought the solutions were. We said that the problem was rooted in fear and misunderstanding. It was *our* paranoia. We'd left our image to their imagination and we came out as Charlie Manson, drug addicts and all kinds of the other bad scenes they'd read about and seen on TV. Some of that started to change at the first meeting. Now a lot of those folks are with us. We do owe the Task Force a lot—and this is not conciliatory bullshit. It forced us out of hiding and into a place in the community."

The day after the meeting John Pateros sought and got a meeting with Lee

The bureaucrats were intractable. It was just three weeks before the first batch of tagged houses was to be bulldozed

Adams. The little group of strategists wanted to know in advance what the supervisors were likely to go for when they appeared before them. That date was just a month away. Adams recalls his advice to United Stand this way:

"Put together a program citing what your problems are, your analysis of how to solve them—your suggested solutions. And have a logical presentation."

John came back to the headquarters apartment and whistled up a marathon meeting. After nine hours of talk, a plan was approved that seemed impos-

sibly ambitious: the group would produce both a booklet delineating its position and a "lifestyle" slide show for the upcoming encounter with the supervisors. Anon had had the wit to sign up volunteers by interest and profession the night of the church meeting. Now it turned out there was a wealth of professional talent hidden in the mountains, canyons and ocean bluffs. (Of the 55 people scattered over the Greenfield Ranch community, there are four R.N.s and an intern M.D. Mid-Mountain has a historian, a couple of professors, a fine arts graduate of Reed College, as well as such artistic rarities as a professional caligrapher. Five law school graduates were found living in the mountain and coastal communities.) A dropout advertising agency art director scoured the county taking and borrowing color photo slides which he had duplicated to make a bucolic presentation to the townies. A script timed for exactly 30 minutes was written. A literate, good-looking 24-page booklet was produced. Eric says of this miracle of big-city production in the boondocks:

"When we started, we didn't know if it would be five pages or 500. There were three weeks of intensive work by a dozen people. Then we went to this Christian community near Willits. They've been living back-to-the-land style for 35 years. They have a print shop. They did this for us for the cost of the paper—25 bucks for 200 copies. And when we saw it come off the press, it's like: *We* did that! A bunch of dirty freaks came down from the hills and did that in three weeks! It's like a county study they'd drop six grand into and take six months doing."

While the presentation was being produced, the natural leaders who had emerged in the first weeks of the collision took to an unfamiliar effort—face to face lobbying. In the three weeks before the supervisors' meeting Anon, John, Saul, Eric and a couple of others sought and got appointments with each supervisor and all but one department head assigned to the Task Force. Only Chief Building Inspector Uhr avoided the earnest little band of homesteaders. John now says they went on an "appearance trip," which means that they tied their hair into ponytails and wore shoes when they met with county officials. The pitch to the square officials was ingenuous and direct. "Look," it went, "we know we've broken the law. We knew it when we started to build on our land. We didn't apply for a building permit because nobody can build a house with recycled lumber and no plumbing or electricity and adhere to the code. And we don't have the money or desire to build a code house. We thought we were so far out into the hills that no one would ever object. Help us straighten this out."

Some officials saw the advantages of accommodation more clearly than others. After the original confident red tag raids, they learned that there were a lot more illegal dwellings than at first suspected. The district attorney's office looked in horror at the prospect of issuing several hundred misdemeanor complaints, getting the necessary court orders, and then enforcing the destruction of perhaps 700 homes. In a county of 50,000 citizens, living in about 15,000 dwellings, this would indeed be, in Anon's words, "a very heavy confrontation." Visions of women and babies in front of the bulldozers, with network cameras humming in the background, were easy to conjure. Tim Stoen, who with Lee Adams is an assistant D.A. assigned to the Task Force, is also counsel to the board, with a regular timeslot for each meeting. Stoen gave the maverick builders his 10:30 place so that all the department heads would be there.

Ron Hall, the young, intense director of planning for Mendocino, was helpful from the start. He had been frustrated for years in trying to design a rational plan for a rural county bound by law to conform to metropolitan building codes. Hall came up with the suggestion that the supervisors could offer without heating up the sullen townsfolk who had initiated the hit. The kids said they hadn't the faintest idea of how to close the sale. So Hall gave them a political diagram. Why not draft a resolution establishing a committee to consist of the same people now on the Task Force, plus a couple of supervisors, to seek *administrative* solutions to the problem of the violators instead of all this heavy "civil and criminal" stuff? On the morning of April 16 the board room in the old granite courthouse in Ukiah was packed with "retired hippies" from all over the vast county. There was a sprinkling of hard-eyed, tight-lipped townsfolk muttering terse, captious messages to one another, palm to ear. All five of the supervisors were on the dais, waggling gently in their swivel chairs. All the departments on the Task Force were represented by either the department head or his chief deputies.

The "hillbillies" went on an "appearance trip," i.e., they did up their hair in ponytails and wore shoes

After an hour of routine leftover business, the chairman called on Assistant D.A. Tim Stoen, who quickly deferred to the United Stand pitch. Anon and a couple of helpers handed out copies of the crisp little booklet to the officials.

The bailiff got the window shades down and John, reverting to the style of the full-voiced IBM pitchman, walked the audience through the printed narrative in the booklet as he smoothly showed the slides. Snick, snick. Some of the better remote houses and pastoral scenery that featured happy children, industrious young adults and lots of large, healthy organic gardens and well-cared-for livestock.

If the mea culpa theme of the spiel was a bit thick—the kids were so engaged with the effectiveness of public contrition that they took to calling themselves "outlaw builders"—the major issues were squarely confronted. Six pages of the booklet were taken up by arguments for and schematic drawings of compost privy systems which utilize human excreta as the principal compost ingredient. Even though designs for these aerobic decomposition systems have been approved by the Swedish and Norwegian governments and the World Health Organization, the local Health and Sanitation Department looked on the idea the way any proper flush-toilet health department does.

Rather than simply defending their past misdeeds, the hill people pushed forward with winsome aggression to sell their style to the audience. It worked. When Pateros finished, each of the supervisors in turn murmured some approbatory fragment. There was a bit of grumping from the townsfolk, but even they were taken by the glossy snow job. The United Stand people then distributed their amending resolution to the members. After discussion, one preposition in the document was changed. The board unanimously voted to give US what it wanted most, a mandate that would nullify the hard line being taken by the Task Force and give the besieged builders time to draw up proposals which would modify the rigid, big city building codes.

The supervisors themselves were patently relieved that they had been shown a way out of the political thicket they found themselves in as sponsors of the Red Tag Squad. Not only had the United Stand freaks shown a sophisticated political turn of mind in presenting their case to the county officials, but there were signs that they had been inordinately successful in making their case plausible to the older, straight citizenry of every political caste. A week before the courthouse skit, the board received a long letter from

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOROTHY REAL

A tank of propane on its way to Eric's partly completed house (top). The Official Notice (center) seems quite clear, and an Occupant relaxes in his neat hill home.

the Mendocino Coast Chapter of United Organizations of Taxpayers. Inc., an amalgam of conservative, thrifty watchers of the public purse led by a garrulous butcher in Fort Bragg and a little lady who runs an organ shop in Ukiah.

"The victims of 'red tag' zealotry," wrote the UOT scribe, "are making prodigious efforts to survive by using their own resources and ingenuity to avoid becoming a burden on the taxpayers of Mendocino. Furthermore, it should be disquieting to everyone when practitioners of an 'alternative lifestyle' are singled out by officialdom. Who will be next? Tax protesters?" This unlikely alliance of the two extremes of their constituency gave the supervisors pause. The strange coalition is not particularly politically threatening, yet when *any* group or combine in that rural county can get 300 to 400 people together (as they now can do) to examine the reasonableness and competence of the members of the board and the department heads, they get the undivided attention of all the county officials. The supervisors were more than happy to call off the hunt until solutions a little less barbaric than bulldozing the homes could be found.

Of all the Mendocino officials who made up the Task Force, only Donald Uhr has difficulty concealing his antipathy for the longhairs and their chosen lifestyle. "I grew up on a farm in Nebraska with a privy out behind the barn. Who the hell wants to go back to that? It's just a fad. It'll blow over." And he is the only one who complains about the number of hippies who receive some sort of public assistance. His reddish neck hair bristles when he says:

"Let's say Mendocino does lower its building standards and recognizes a Class K dwelling" (a "cabin" classification being pushed by United Stand). "Every hippie and freak from all over the world is going to come storming here. They'll all be on welfare. Or maybe just 50 percent on welfare. It would break the county."

While Uhr constantly pushes the caveat that he is "just philosophizing a bit," he manages to denigrate the hill people by way of folksy stories. He tells one about an "elderly lady" who is involved in a border dispute with some young people who she claims have built their house over the property line on her very large piece of timberland. She is afraid to file a complaint, says Uhr, because "she's afraid they'll burn her out." This innuendo is snapped up. "Has there been a *history* of violence by these people?" Uhr squirms. "Well, who can you attribute it to? I hate to say this counterculture culture was doin' it."

"What's *it*?"

"Well, here last week we had a fellow beat to death in one of the state parks over on the coast. It could have been the motorcycle group or it could have been anyone. Of course, there's a little bit of violence in *all* of us. But when a guy professes peace and runs around with peace symbols on his collar, it don't mean he isn't going to beat your brains out if he gets a chance. . . . Our inspectors haven't been overtly threatened, but when a guy comes walkin' up to you with an axe in his hand and starts swingin' it around, you get a feelin'. Or he pulls his toad sticker out of his belt and starts parin' his fingernails, you get the impression he's tryin' to tell you something."

The Mendocino sheriff is an affable, sixtyish Italian-American of John Wayne proportions named Reno Bartolme. Unlike the Duke, he is proud of never having worn a gun in the eight years he's headed the department that he has served for 24 years. He was happy to talk about the hill people. "Well," he said, "the trouble we get from them is very little. They *never* give us any trouble by means of any violence toward our people. Oh, they let parking tickets pile up and sometimes when a van or a pickup breaks down, they leave it in the middle of the road. But that's hardly what I'd call trouble." The sheriff had never heard of the pyrophobic lady on the coast. "And," he said, "I hear about everything that goes on in the county."

Dave Long, Mendocino's director of environmental health, is a gaunt, smallish man with a perpetual melancholy set to his features. He is a certified sanitarian, which you couldn't guess from startlingly long and filthy fingernails. Perhaps he moonlights in an auto repair shop. Long has some of the same problems with "the book" as does Don Uhr. The Code presumes that everyone has water enough to send five gallons or so plunging down the sewer line to exorcise an ounce of urine. This is not true in Mendocino. Even on the coast, the water table falls as much as 40 feet in July and August. Which leads to some weird nocturnal toilet scheduling all over the county. July is a big month for shovels in the hardware stores. During the fall and winter months,the area is deluged with 30 or 40 inches of rain. The dusty stream beds turn into roaring rivers, the back country roads are obliterated. The soil everywhere is saturated and stays that way for months. The liquid content of approved septic tank systems is supposed to percolate into the ground, which of course it doesn't in deeply saturated soil. Sometimes the tanks themselves flood and overflow. When walking through or past some of the small towns on the coast, it pays to watch where you're stepping. The town of Mendocino is building a sewage treatment plant but now has everyone hooked to a sewer system that pours directly into the beautiful Pacific.

The hill people have made a big thing of their being allowed to construct compost privies. Basically, these designs call for laying down straw on the concrete floor of a cemented pit and tossing down a handful of sawdust and a touch of lime after each use. A screened vent door opens into the floor of the pit. A tall plastic vent pipe exhausts the air coming into the pit. The catch is that every 30 days the owner must open the door and mix the contents with a pitchfork to encourage the bacterial process and discourage the production of flies. At the end of six months, he shovels this cargo into an identical chamber next to the active pit, spreads more straw,and starts over. After a year the contents of the aging chamber are entirely free of harmful bacteria and ready for use as a rich garden humus. Such privies are approved by the World Health Organization and in use around the world.

"Although the county had looked the other way, we all knew we *could* be busted anytime for non-code houses"

Long has no technical quarrel with the system. He just doesn't believe the people will maintain their privies. "They may start out and turn it every day, every 30 davs, but then they get tired. Who wants to do it? I'll bet that 99 percent of them wouldn't maintain them properly."

The determined counterculture people keep up their smiling push for what they want to do. Sweet reason is slowly spinning its gentle web around the Health Department. Dave Long and his superior, county health officer Dr. Robert Holtzer, know that some of the young people lug five-gallon jerries of water to their houses (a separate violation of the "running water" provisions of the Code). Septic tanks won't work without a lot of fairly high-pressure water. So, grumbling all the way, Holtzer and Long finally issued six permits for "experimental" compost privies.

After the promising meeting with the supervisors which led to the creation of the Building and Land Use Review committee (the unhappy acronym is BLUR), the United Stand people got together a proposed ordinance which started, "There is a clear need for simple, low-cost shelters in rural Mendocino. A building code provision should exist which would allow small, safe, cabin-like structures to be built as dwellings in remote areas." The proposal goes on to detail 38 changes in the code to create a new "Class K" dwelling, ranging from acceptance of the present houses as "cabins" to endorsement of the compost privy.

At the first meeting held by BLUR to discuss the cabin issue, Mr. Uhr stomped all over the United Stand proposal. A cabin is not necessarily a cabin, said he. "A hunting cabin, for example, is only used seasonally and then normally, by normal, healthy adults."

Except for Don Uhr's lack of style in putting forth his opinions, all the county officials and the supervisors are quietly and, for the most part, politely, trying to find middle ground. The hundreds of non-code houses are a giant *fait accompli*. With their older, straighter supporters, the United Stand people are a potential political force. Almost everyone wishes that the grand jury had kept away from the easy accommodation that was "policy" in Mendocino.

Everyone is looking for a way out. Adams and Stoen, the assistant D.A.s, have written to the California attorney general's office seeking guidance in interpreting the only apparent loopholes in the Unified Building Code. They ask: "Can a local ordinance be changed because of personal hardship and economic conditions?" and "Can a county designate specific areas wherein it can relax existing ordinances?" It will take a few months for the opinions to be formulated through the A.G. bureaucracy, but the likelihood is that the answers will be "No." In which case, Mendocino's representative in the California Assembly, Barry Keene, will be asked to author amending legislation to the Code. But some compromise will be found. Obviously, Mendocino cannot condone the proliferation of rural shack towns. Neither will Uhr and his men be allowed to dismantle the little houses "to inspect interior nailing." Regardless of the attorney general's opinion, the fact is that while the state lays down the laws, counties enforce them. So it is the unwritten *policy* of the county that matters.

However this long drawn out hassle is resolved, the homesteaders have emerged from the hills and valleys to find at first hand how bureaucracy works and how to handle protest without burning down the courthouse. Reason, as Anon and her friends keep insisting, will prevail. ●

A matter of survival

When Jeff Hodgson, 11, joined a state-sponsored "stress therapy" hike into the Idaho desert, he dreamed of the fun of roughing it. After Jeff was lost, a mystic would dream of finding the boy in a "mountain split in half"

By Michael Parfit

COME ON, PEOPLE: . . . We will teach you about desert life and how to live with it and love it. You will see things you have never seen before. Most of all you will find out who you really are and we hope we can help you learn to love yourself.

—From a brochure mimeographed by the Idaho Department of Health and Welfare (HAW) in the spring of 1974.

In the late spring of 1974, heat was rolling up into Idaho. Pressed northward by a mass of high pressure centered over the Southwest, heat born on the Mojave rode up on still, dry air, across the mountains and salt flats of Nevada, across the fertile crescent where the Snake River flows westward from Wyoming to water the small farm towns of southern Idaho, across the black and brown desert of the Snake River Plain. It came silently, not like a storm, but like a steel-blue weight on the land: hard and hot and heavy.

In Pocatello, on the morning of June 8, one of the last temperate days, Clyde Hodgson, 37, drove his 11-year-old son, Jeff, from their trailer house to the city recreation center to drop him off for a hike. They didn't speak much, father and son, on the way down; neither was a talker. The son, a slightly pudgy, red-headed boy, 15 pounds overweight and tall for his age, promising a sudden growth that might exceed his father's six feet, already wore some of Clyde's shyness, a restraint of manner that led his fifth-grade teacher to call him the old man of her class. In his interests, which were omnivorous, and in his walk, which was more of a lunge, Jeff was all enthusiasm, ordering dozens of catalogues and brochures from electronics firms and backpack manufacturers, learning Morse Code, dreaming of an assault on Everest, and reading, reading, reading; but in the anarchy of fifth-grade society, he was quiet, almost subdued.

Jeff Hodgson, a quiet fifth-grader.

So Clyde felt a slight reluctance in his son as they stopped at the door and Jeff asked, "Where do I go?" So, reaching out to the reticence they shared, he asked Jeff if he wanted his father to go in with him.

"No," said Jeff quickly and swept away the hesitation, reaching for his bag of gear: socks, underwear, a tin cooking pot and a blanket. He got out and turned toward the building.

"Okay," said his father. "See you next Friday."

"Okay. See you, Dad."

As Clyde Hodgson drove home alone, the heat grew.

Witness: Lynn Cameron, recreation specialist for HAW.

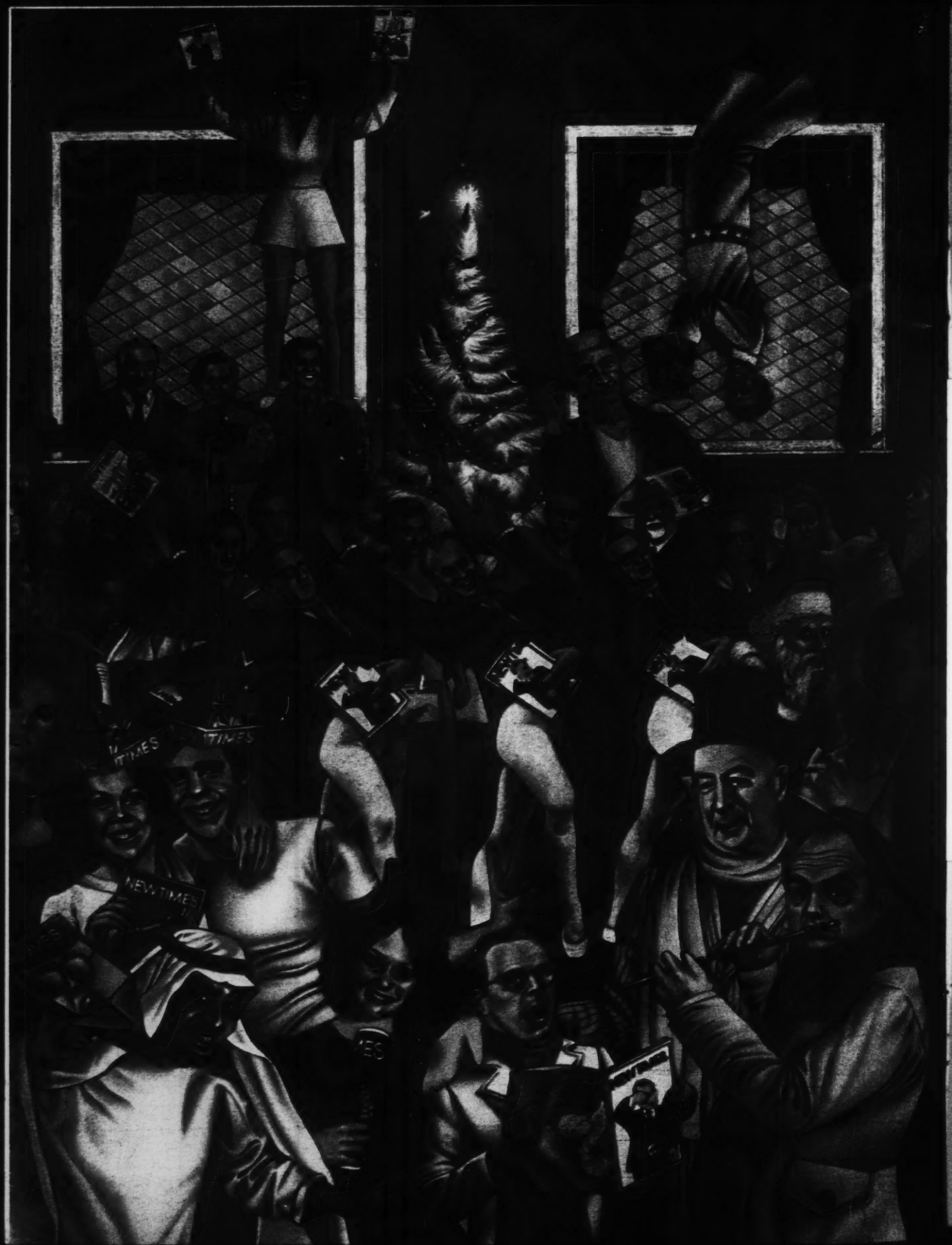
Question: (By Stephen Boller, Blaine County prosecuting attorney) What was the purpose of the trip again, Mr. Cameron?

A: . . . We were very interested in self-image. We wanted people to . . . feel like they had accomplished more than they thought they could accomplish. . . . Another was inter-personal relationships, how the people on the trip got along with each other, and hopefully increasing the skills of the participants on the trip, so that they would be better able to cope with social relationships at school and get along better with other individuals. Another thing that we were attempting to do with these trips was to provide an opportunity for decision making, and for these people to be involved in decision making where the decisions that were made had an immediate consequence.

(At the Coroner's Inquest in the Matter of the Death of Jeffrey C. Hodgson)

What Jeff and Clyde thought was an outing designed for pleasure was not exactly that: instead it was a new lab in the old school of hard knocks. The trip was part of a program, funded by the state, designed to take kids with various adjustment problems and, by exposing them to a harsh survival situation, to straighten out their kinks. The concept is called stress therapy, and any military survivor will recognize the resemblance to basic train-

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS NICHOLSON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THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

Merry Christmas and a Happy NEW TIMES

ing. Rough 'em up, show them how much hardship they can take and how much grit they can swallow, and you'll toughen their hide and their confidence. Outward Bound, National Outdoor Leadership School, Gordonstoun School. A long heritage has spawned a growing enthusiasm for this game of outdoor brinkmanship in which the participants are defined by an ominous word: survivors. Hear Larry Dean Olsen, whose book, *Outdoor Survival Skills*, is becoming gospel in the western survival business:

"Those who adapt successfully in a stress situation share some common attributes which set them apart from those who don't. A survivor possesses determination, a positive degree of stubbornness, well-defined values, self-direction, and a belief in the goodness of mankind."

The HAW program was designed by two young men, Mike Bybee and Lynn Cameron, both recent graduates of Idaho State University, both HAW employees.

Unsought, Jeff was folded into the silence; whether it brought him peace or terror is unknown. But on the second night the desert was strangely changed

Bybee, a slender, intense, serious man who had gone through a 26-day survival trip under Olsen's Brigham Young University program, persuaded Cameron that the stress method had merit. The two men ran a few groups of 11- to 14-year-old boys through some test trips in 1973 and by the spring of 1974 were ready to do it on a large scale. So, using $14,500 budgeted by the state, they hired a director, Keith Johnson, 40, a former outfitter and Boy Scout executive, and a staff of six. The kids were referred to the program by school social workers; Jeff came recommended not because of serious problems but mainly because he enjoyed the outdoors. The June 8th trip, scheduled for six days, was the shortest outing of seven planned for the summer; the others ranged in length from eight to 49 days. All were to take place on the Snake River Plain.

Michael Parfit, who lives in Mackay, Idaho, has written for the New York Times, Wall Street Journal *and* Christian Science Monitor.

The Snake River Desert stretches for over 7,000 square miles across south-central Idaho. It is humped and strewn with rubble; in geologically recent years a rift that splits it foamed with lava and spat streaks of magma across the land. Today the plain is dotted with buttes and craters and the surface is a rude mixture of patches of old lava, disintegrating to earth and covered with sagebrush, rabbitbrush and grasses, and new flows, fresh fingers of black basalt, swelled and cracked like burned pastry. A stark Atomic Energy Commission experimental site occupies one end of the desert and the Craters of the Moon National Monument one edge, but the rest is raw. Basque shepherds follow their bands across the grasslands, their slender stone monuments pricking across the desert like thorns; hunters scatter beer cans and 12-gauge shells in their search for sage grouse; rockhounds poke for twisted bits of lava or obsidian; and U.S. Geological Survey teams poke test holes through the crust to test a remarkable aquifer that lies 800 or more feet down. Occasionally, a hunter or a geologist finds a broken human skeleton in the bottom of a ravine.

By the time the June 8th trip began, the desert must have seemed to some of the leaders like a haven at the end of a troubled road: preparations had not flowed easily.

Two of the women who were to go were weak with the flu and had to drop out. One of them was replaced by an unpaid volunteer, 19-year-old Brenda Greiner, who could provide little more than company; she had never camped out in a desert before.

A borrowed jeep, which was to be the trip's only link with civilization and with its water supply, refused to start and was hustled to a service station for some quick repairs.

And, most crucially, Mike Bybee, the staff's desert expert and the man who was to lead the trip, tore ligaments in a knee during a karate exhibition on June 5. He was replaced by Keith Johnson, who, though a competent outdoorsman, knew little more about desert survival than Greiner.

So the outing probably began, for the leaders, with more of a sense of relief than of adventure. After all, it was only a short warm-up for the summer's series of longer trips.

The trip began near a crater called Split Butte, where the 11 kids (including two girls) and leaders were hauled by bus on Saturday afternoon. They spent that night, Sunday and Sunday night around the butte, the kids roaring with freedom—school had been out only a few days—and the adults inserting desert lore and outdoor wisdom where they could.

It was not until Monday that the trip started to break down, but once unwound, plans came apart swiftly. A hike that was supposed to end in a grove stalled in indecision on broiling lavas at midday. Two of the group's four leaders left, taking the only map, to attempt an early rendezvous with the jeep. They eventually found it, but again it broke down. And, after waiting two hours on the rock, the group decided to find its own water, and it began to move, now led by two adults who did not know where they were: Keith Johnson and Brenda Greiner.

The little game of survival was now

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL PARFIT

The Hodgsons without Jeff.

writing its own rules: stress was no longer a managed input. Now the leaders themselves were going to find out how their own decisions would have immediate—and final—consequences.

Late in the afternoon, the thin line of 11 children and two adults crept along a dirt road in the desert, going southwest. Somewhere down there, Johnson knew, there was a well. He did not know how far. He was orienting himself by buttes and by the distant mountains, blue shapes on the horizon, which told him north and south but little else.

The air was still and hot—82 degrees in Pocatello, probably 10 degrees higher in the desert—the roads were dry, and the dust kicked up by shuffling feet hung in the air. Lips were caked, throats were tight, and dust had collected in mottled grey patches on faces and arms between streaks of sweat, and, on some of the kids, streaks of tears. A small, spirited boy named Rocky Neilsen was chanting

something about food and water, and the song was irritating to the rest.

Witness: Alan Huddleston, 12.

Q: And you started walking down the road, right?

A: Um-hum. There was one thing I remember, though. Rocky testified that they didn't talk nothing about running away or nothing. But, well, I guess he was just joking around, you know, but we were all—we all got into the subject of what it would be like to get lost from everybody, and Rocky goes—I guess he was just messing around—he goes, oh, well, he said something like you get ice cream and hamburgers when you get into town. . . .

Q: Did you talk very much with Jeff?

A: Yeah, while we were at Split Butte, because, see—after we left, I didn't see him much, you know. Even though I was in the slow group, I think that that was because I—most everybody, you know, after they ran out of water, as they became more thirsty, they became mean, you know. Uptight, I guess.

Witness: Wendell Dean, a rancher who had seen the group hiking the day before.

Q: How many people were in that group that you saw?

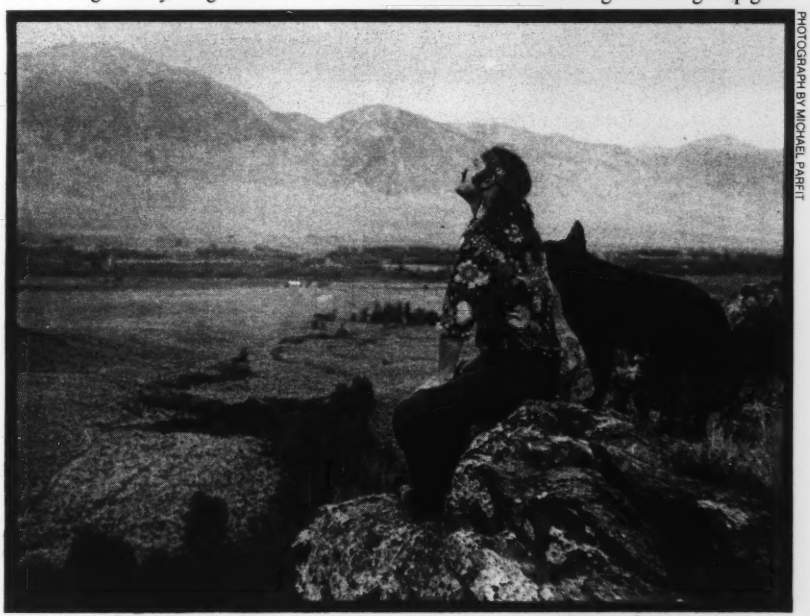
A: Well, I didn't count them. I'll tell you what I did. There was a leader in the front . . . and about fifty yards farther down, why there was a man and a woman, a leader, I would suppose. And as I went on, why the kids were strung out a long way. I don't know exactly how far. It's kind of hard to judge, but I noticed there was—and when I got home, I told my wife there was nobody behind those kids following them up, and it bothered me real bad.

Witness: Keith Johnson.

Q: You didn't know at this time the jeep had broken down?

A: No. I had no idea . . . where the jeep was. I actually wasn't lost. Everybody else was.

As evening approached the tired group stopped to rest, and when they had gathered, two boys were missing: Rocky Neilsen and Jeff Hodgson. The group generally agreed that they had run away; Johnson's first assumption was that they were playing a trick on him. He dropped back twice from the group, however, and on the second look found a pack—a blanket roll—lying in the road. He put it up on a rock where it would be more visible, and he put a note on it. He and Greiner and the children then continued on down the road and they eventually came to a grubby little oasis called Shodde's Well, where there was water, and there they spent the night.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL PARFIT

Jerry Sturm: a plumber who believes in the desert and Carlos Castaneda.

June 11th at Shodde's Well was hotter than the 10th. The nine children and the two adults sat and layl waiting, under a rough shelter built by Johnson and the boys out of the junk around the well. The shattered, askew windmill that stood over the gasoline pump cast a slender shadow across the sagebrush. Outside the fence around the well, cattle crunched sluggishly through the brush. The air was murmuring with flies and gritty with the fine dust that would neither blow away nor settle.

Johnson and two boys had spent the morning looking for Jeff and Rocky, and had found nothing but the pack, still on the road, so in mid-afternoon, with the full heat of the day weighing upon them, the group slept.

Shortly before 4 p.m. Johnson got up and pulled on his boots. He had had enough waiting. "Well," he told Greiner, "I'm going to find somebody. It's about time we got found."

Greiner was alone with the children for 10 or 15 minutes before she heard the welcome rumble of an engine, and over a rise came a pickup, pulling a plume of dust. Keith Johnson had met someone, a search and rescue official who had been looking for him, and the man had given him some news: Rocky Neilsen had been found by a farmer, about seven miles away, alone.

The trip was over: the kids had had enough adventure. The HAW leaders regathered with the help of the search and rescue team, and they shipped the 10 children home. But Jeff Hodgson was still out there, somewhere. The desert, the benign lab of the day before, suddenly became vast, convoluted, devious and sizzling with rattlesnakes.

And Rocky didn't help much. His stories of losing the rest of the group varied widely with each telling. He seemed to be consistent on only one thing: he and Jeff had separated sometime before dark.

Nights on the Snake River Desert are huge and silent. On the distant perimeter the lights of the farm towns of Aberdeen, Minidoka, Arco and Blackfoot twinkle with less intensity than the stars; night is so dense on the land between that even a moonless sky seems luminous. There is a vitality to the desert night—creatures are out there stalking and killing and running in fear—but the tension is hushed. Great horned owls hoot softly, like someone blowing over a long bottle, and occasionally coyotes raise a scrawny howl, which, on the flat desert, has no echo. Jets thread across the sky, trailing directionless mutterings that come from nowhere and disappear to nowhere, and to the individual on the ground seem sadly distant among the stars.

Jeff's first night must have been like that: unsought, he was folded into the silence; whether it brought him peace or terror is unknown. But on the second night—Tuesday—the desert was strangely changed.

All through that afternoon and evening people came to the desert. Jeeps and motorcycles of the Mini-Cassia Search and Rescue Unit, of the Power

County and Blaine County sheriffs departments, and of volunteers moved across the plain, the dust rising in streaks and spreading a brown haze. And late in the evening, finally, Lynn Cameron called Clyde Hodgson and told him his son was missing. So Clyde and his wife, Sandy, drove to the desert.

The silence was gone. The plain throbbed with engines and muttered with voices, talking, calling. The darkness was split by moving shafts of light, illuminating the hanging dust. On the sagebrush-covered humps, where the old stone monuments stood as landmarks for shepherds, the search and rescue teams made their own signs: jeeps stood high, with motors running and lights on, every once in a while grunting and changing direction, throwing out beams that shouted, trying to tell Jeff Hodgson, wherever he was, that here was security, companionship and water. Sporadically, pickups so equipped would throw blue spears of light as their owners flipped on their rotating beacons. And occasionally, to give voice to the beckoning lights, a sheriff or deputy would wind up a siren to scream across the night.

Many years before, early settlers on the south edge of this part of the plain, who came in great anticipation and were then driven out by dry skies and death and dust, reported seeing strange lights flame in the desert to their north. Tuesday night the headlights' white, roving fires burned on the hilltops and slid, shrouded, along the roads, and the desert whined with the anguish of a lost child. But wherever Jeff Hodgson was that night, curled in a pit of darkness, if he saw the lights he didn't reach for them, and if he heard the shouts and the sirens, he didn't answer back.

By Friday the search was at a peak, and so was the heat. There was still little wind, the sun basted the 300 to 400 people on the desert with sweat, and the dust clung to their clothes, their lips, their faces. The search ran to many methods: National Guard helicopters whacked their way across the fresh lava flows at eight knots, low; horsemen lumbered through the sagebrush; motorcycles roared and snorted across the slow swells of land; and walkers hunted slowly, peering into crevices and caves and probing warily for the ubiquitous rattlesnakes. And there were dogs: scanner dogs trained by the Air Force and two muscular bloodhounds.

Witness: Leland Baker, vice-commander of the Mini-Cassia Search and Rescue Unit.

Q: What did the dogs do from that point on?

A: . . . The dogs picked up the scent, followed it down this road to here, . . . and went right on down, making little jogs in the road as he went like . . . what . . . the boy was doing, was that he would walk along the road, basically using the road, but if he saw a little high point, or something that he would like to look over, he would walk out there, look it over and then walk back to the road. He made several little jogs down this road, and finally came right back through the Split Butte area and up around this way. . . . They finally lost him, I understand, down in this area. They lost the scent.

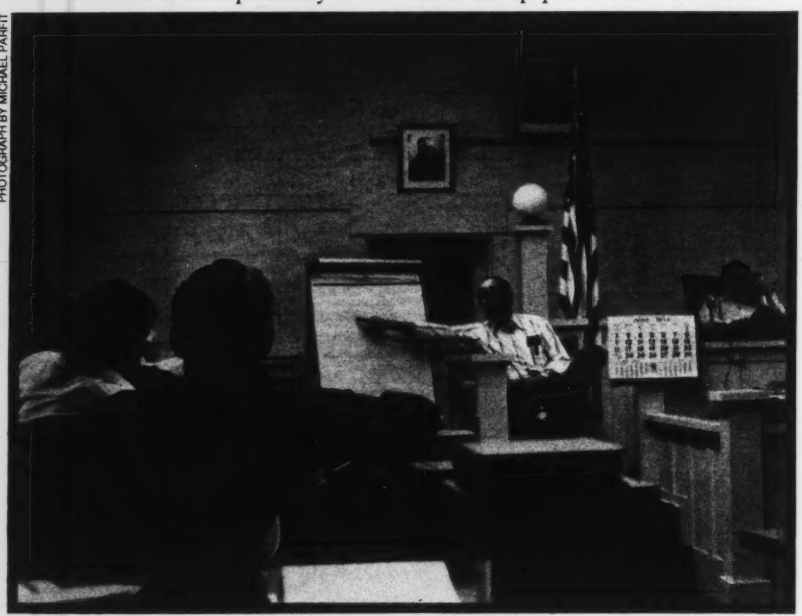
On Friday the heat was fierce. It was a heat that swelled pleasantly in the early morning but grew to a gross, sweaty roundness by afternoon, a sullen power that bred thunderstorms and hail over the mountains, but over the desert only more heat. That day, 16 miles east of Split Butte, the heat struck a young woman, Shirley Egan, 27, who had been searching for Jeff. Exhausted, dry, beaten by the sun, Mrs. Egan collapsed, and, on route to the hospital, died.

With that death, hope for Jeff went nearly dry. Clyde and Sandy Hodgson took the pacing time differently: Sandy grew more and more nervous and emotional; Clyde held his fears to himself, and his restraint became a forced coolness, a desperate clarity. Coping with their imagination of what Jeff endured was the hardest.

Don Green, a Baline County deputy sheriff, counts Jeff's days:

"Now, Monday, he had water, very little water. Tuesday he probably didn't have any water at all. Tuesday, you can make it through Tuesday pretty well without water. Now you go to Wednesday and by nighttime Wednesday your throat is getting pretty darn dry. You can experience this out there when you're out on the desert and you try to go as long as you can. Then on Wednesday he was hurting pretty bad. And on Thursday he would probably be in an unconscious condition—by Thursday night. And on Friday, I think he'd had it."

In Blackfoot, 20 miles northeast of Pocatello, a 25-year-old plumber named Jerry Sturm had been following the search in the newspapers. He had met one of the trip leaders earlier and was interested in the purposes of the program. Something of a mystic himself, he liked the idea of anything designed to thrust self-awareness on individuals.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL PARFIT

Keith Johnson before coroner Jay Butler: "I actually wasn't lost. Everybody else was."

And Jerry Sturm values the desert. It is an open place and it reminds him of the walks of Don Juan and Carlos Castaneda, of *Journey to Ixtlan.* There are things going on in the silence out there that you do not see, just looking. So on Sunday Sturm visited the Crystal Ice Caves, an unusual formation near Split Butte, where a search camp was established, and he sensed the fear and worry in the place. On Monday, a week after Jeff and Rocky separated from the trip, the search was called off. And on Tuesday night, Sturm had a dream.

"I read an article about the little lost boy," Sturm said much later, his blue eyes gleaming. "And when I went to bed, just before I dozed off, I concentrated on this little boy. I had this dream. I dreamed

of a mountain split in half. From this mountain I was walking down a road with lava rocks on each side of me. It was, just, this dream put me right there."

On Thursday, June 20, Sturm went to the desert. It was still hot, but a breeze relieved the stillness. Sturm was sure he would find Jeff; so had been a variety of psychics and clairvoyants who had already tried to help the Hodgsons and had failed. But when Sturm got to Split Butte, where he had never been, things fell into place.

"I plugged in. It took an hour and a half. It was about two and a half miles. I walked straight to him; it was unreal. I was walking down an old obsolete jeep trail

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL PARFIT

Lynn Cameron during the search.

and I came into . . . it was almost like a hollow, with lava rocks on each side of me. It was the *déjà vu* feeling, like, I've been here before. I was listening to my own body at the time I saw him, and about the only thing I could really hear was the adrenalin going through my heart."

Jeff was lying crumpled in the rocks. Sturm first saw his white straw hat, then his boots and socks and belt; as the delirium overcame him and his body swelled, Jeff had cast them away. And when Sturm came to the body it was clear that Jeff had been dead for some time.

Witness: Leland Baker.

Q: How extensively was that particular area covered?

A: We had a posse in there, walkers. We had foot walkers. We had jeeps. We had, well all of our mass, all of our mass. We had dogs. The scanner dogs covered it very extensively. This is the area right here, that we—where the red mark is at is approximately where the boy was found. It shows dogs here, dogs here, dogs over here. It shows posse in there, the posse down here.

The death of Jeff Hodgson echoed across the state. All state-sponsored wilderness programs were stopped by decree. Anything that had any connection between children and outdoor recreation was scrutinized; among the programs canceled were day-care field trips. And on July 2 and 3 the Baline County coroner held his inquest.

(Jury back into courtroom at 8 o'clock p.m.)

Coroner: This inquest is now in session. Has the jury reached a verdict?

Foreman: We have, your honor.

Verdict of Inquest in the Matter of the Death of Jeffrey C. Hodgson:

"Died in the County of Blaine of exposure, that his death was occasioned by the act of another by criminal means, namely, negligence with the following persons guilty:

"Joseph Brunson, Lynn Cameron, Keith Johnson, Mike Bybee, Fred Chesley, Jim McIver, John Johnson, Karen Kimsey."

Of course, this sort of thing has happened before. In January 1969, for instance, 11 boy scouts drowned when their leaders foolishly attempted to cross a flood in Southern California. There was no coroner's jury then and no official negligence, but then, too, most of the leaders had gone down river with the boys. But this time the consequences are likely to be legal and lasting. Involuntary manslaughter charges have been filed against Cameron, Keith Johnson, Bybee and three other trip leaders. Greiner, who was not paid and had no legal responsibility, was not indicted. The preliminary hearing is scheduled for late this year.

It is going on evening in Pocatello. The sun slants obliquely across the corrugated roofs of a row of trailers and sends a rich glow through the closed curtains in Clyde Hodgson's double wide. Sandy Hodgson is sitting in one chair, tired and nervous, while Kandy, 4½, plays outside with Timothy, 8. Clyde is sitting in a chair opposite Sandy, unruffled in a brown shirt and slacks, occasionally touching his red beard. They're talking about the past.

There are still so many questions. Rocky Neilsen still tells different stories; a psychologist who interviewed him felt that he "was not making full or accurate disclosure of all information," and the Hodgsons are torn between anger at a boy who may be lying and compassion for a scared, confused child. And they, like many others in the case, do not understand or trust Jerry Sturm's dream, but cannot find another rational explanation. And then, of course, there are all the speculations of what might have been. If Bybee had not hurt his leg. If the bloodhounds had had fresher clothing from which to pick up Jeff's scent. If Keith Johnson, who was surprisingly sanguine at the inquest, posing for a photographer and requesting "when this comes out in the paper, be sure to send me a copy," had not left the search early to recuperate from what he said was exhaustion. What if?

But now that it's done, Clyde Hodgson, who has his own suit going against the state, is determined to see the manslaughter charges stick.

"Very frankly," he says, his voice measured, restrained, "a lot of it is vindictiveness. We want to see those people punished, and in the modern government today that is the only way you can punish them. You can't take a club and go out and whip them or a gun and hunt them down."

"I was listening to my own body at the time I saw him," said Sturm, "and about the only thing I could really hear was the adrenalin going through my heart"

Hodgson is a remarkably controlled man; on the desert and at the inquest, people who worked with him and heard his testimony remarked later about his coolness and his composure. But in talking about Jeff, Hodgson's dispassion cracks just a little, in the end. There is bitterness here, anger and a deep sorrow.

The voice softens. Sandy has been crying slightly. Hodgson's voice is deeper and a little tight.

"Of course, there is nothing in the world that will bring Jeff back now, but you still. . . . We're human. And it hurts like hell to lose a son."

Absalom, Absalom. The old lament.

In the fall, with the northwest winds swirling down again over Pocatello, and the aspen in the mountain going orange with the frost, up on Fifth Avenue at Crestline Memorial Gardens, where Jeff is buried under a plaque, it is cool. ●

side trips

The great cattlemen kill

Stephenville, Tex.—It's been a mean, crippling year in cattle country. Calf prices have tailed to as low as 14 cents a pound. Compare that with last year's 70 cents. Ranchers were unloading their three to four day old bull calves for up to $100 a year ago. In October they watched as that figure fell to $1.50. Stockmen are losing upwards of $100 on every animal they sell.

"Son, people used to think we was rich," drawls cattleman Bill Greenway. "But do you think I'd be wearing this $2 shirt if I was rich. I've got a $25 wardrobe. I'm as efficient at farming as they come. But, mister, they're bleeding us to death. We can't afford to buy nothing. I'm broke."

It would have been hard to imagine, a year ago, Bill Greenway being worked up enough to manage these words. Bill's top dog hereabouts. Nearly a life-long cattleman in the thick middle of a region that knows no other profession quite so honorable, Bill came up hard—exactly the way a man should come up, it is figured in cattle country. His mama and daddy parted company when Bill was 12, leaving him to bring up his two sisters. So Bill got old in a hurry. He bought his first house the next year, paying for it $4.17 a month digging ditches, hauling stone, clearing brush, riding wild stock—or anything else that called heavily upon sinew and raw survival instinct and would pay six bits a day.

It took Bill 35 years to amass two pennies he could rub together and even then he owed interest on them. He grew cotton, corn, peanuts, maize and Holstein milk cows. But you ask Bill and he'll tell you: what he does best and loves most is raising beef cattle. He dotted his acres with fine, heavy Black Angus and whiteface, year after year turning his profits back into more land and more cattle. He's one part too modest and another too tax-conscious to say how many head he's running today. But he'll offer to ride you over to a spot on his spread where 1,000 stand together. Bill owns a sprawling brick house that sits on a hill overlooking his grassy, gently rolling acres that are valued at $2 million.

Cattlemen have always read themselves right into the succinct, easy-to-ingest, easy-to-expound tenets of America's old Work/Sweat/Success Ethic. A man who couldn't get by had to examine himself and find one of two things: one, he had severe sorry-devil tendencies and had to work harder; or, two, he had neglected to keep a critical enough business eye on his holdings. Either way, the guilt lay squarely with himself and stoically he would reach for his bootstraps.

But cattlemen measure they've come against more disasters lately than even they can claim credit for. Desperate days have hit.

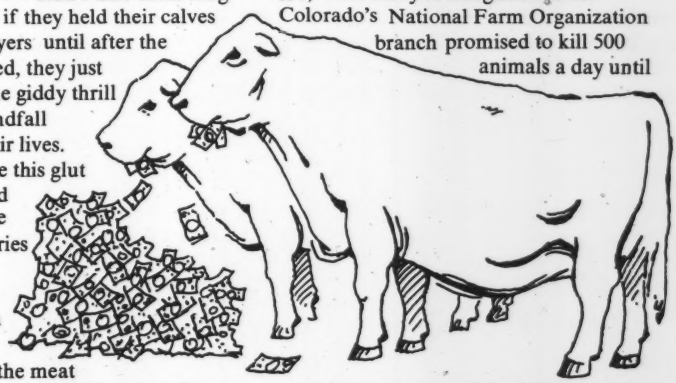
You understand, the toppling of on the hoof prices doesn't tell all there is to know about their aggravation. As beef became less precious, cattlemen's operating costs soared, filling the year with the kind of abrupt and demonic changes that still send ranchers clutching and gasping in the night. During one fiendish week in August, the price of feed grain lurched a vicious half dollar per hundred pounds. Over the year, grain prices climbed from $70 to $160 a ton.

Hay, likewise, is up from $50 to $90 a ton; fertilizer, $65 to $180 a ton; bailing wire, $15 to $52 a roll. The list goes on and is keeping the ranchers scraping just to meet the interest on their bank notes, which, of course, is also up. Out of it all, beefmen aren't talking about *returns* on their investments anymore. For every three dollars they put into their businesses, they know they are kissing one goodby.

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

Every chance they get, ranchers like to think back on a year ago September. That was the fast-fleeting point in time when all those 16-hour days were paying off bountifully. Back then, market prices had reached a record peak after the sharpest price rise in history; farm income was up; big city businessmen were pumping money into cattle operations and cattlemen were turning a thumping 10 percent profit.

But all that's gone and the feeling lingers that cattlemen about half-wittingly choreographed their own comedown. What happened? In mid-July 1973, President Nixon lifted all food price restraints except those on beef. In doing so, he announced beef controls to be removed September 12. Now, a surprising portion of cattlemen have been to at least two county fairs and one reunion, so it didn't take them long to discern that if they held their calves away from buyers until after the freeze was lifted, they just might know the giddy thrill of riding a windfall for once in their lives. But by the time this glut of beef entered the market, the varied treacheries of inflation were keeping consumers at a disrespectful distance from the meat counters. Consequently, SpaghettiOs became a hot item and cow on the hoof prices fell miserably and have wallowed ever since.



A month ago, a small number of Stephenville ranchers flew to Washington to beg for help. Simply, what they went asking for were bans on beef imports and grain exports, measures they say will lower feed prices and diminish our surplus beef supply. The group called on 13 senators; none would see them. Another group met with Agriculture Secretary Butz; he offered nothing. A third saw Assistant Agriculture Chairman Clayton Yeutter. Yeutter told them, "I see the light at the end of the tunnel. . . ."

When the Stephenville ranchers came home, they decided slightly more stunning action was needed. Wednesday morning, October 2, Greenway's neighbor Jack Beyer hung a sign out by his front gate, hand-lettered, reading "Cattle Kill." Ranchers drove their hauling trailers to a long, deep pit on Beyer's property. They brought their rifles with them, intending to slaughter and bury 800 calves to publicly register their desperation.

At the last moment, though, a call came from the White House. The ranchers were asked to reconsider. By a ramrodded voice vote, they agreed to postpone the kill for two weeks.

Not everyone concerned was happy with that decision. As hard times are hitting them, older cattlemen like Beyer and Greenway have had better years to accumulate a few assets—for instance, Greenway's 2,000 acres. But many younger ranchers don't own their land or equipment; their credit is ruined and they don't have time to play a waiting game. They're clinging perilously, and the trade expression in Stephenville is that these men are bankrupt and don't know it.

If nothing else, the postponement did allow the cattlemen an opportunity to gauge their strengths. Newly formed beef growers' organizations from 13 states relayed their support, saying they, too, were ready to slaughter calves. Colorado's National Farm Organization branch promised to kill 500 animals a day until something was done. Beyer's phone rang for three days straight. He figures 90 percent of the calls were from sympathizers. The White House claimed 18,000 calls. Why—the reaction went—isn't something done to stop those vicious cowboy bastards?

Interestingly enough, cattlemen see the consumer as their potential ally. After all, ranchers are collecting 1950 prices for a commodity that somehow undergoes 24 years of markups by the time grocery shoppers get to see it.

Before you even think it, though, middlemen—packers and retailers—deny they're sharing in any excess profits. They contend their expenses have skyrocketed, too, reclaiming any extra margin they might have enjoyed.

Nevertheless, other sources will tell you different. "American Beef Packers Co.," testified Robert Hudek of the National Consumers Congress before the House Agriculture Committee last summer, "reported a 288 percent profit increase over the same time period that cattlemen were going broke to the tune of $1 billion."

So ranchers don't accept the middlemen's pledge that they're not forcing a stick with two short ends on cattlemen and consumers. Livestock producers charge that these fellows are lugging home a dollar a pound profit on beef. They marvel that middlemen are putting still 125 million *more* pounds of beef into cold storage this year than last—as the New York *Times* reported it—"in hopes prices will be up before long."

Observers of beef growing, outside and in, estimate the business has taken enough rough licks to place it on the verge of critical damage. Some ranchers have already admitted bankruptcy, others are on their way, and if enough of their herds are liquidated, there may follow a beef shortage that could take years to repair.

Everybody in the business thought they were better prepared for such a catastrophe. That's why it's such a strange and pitiful sight the way their hallowed Sweat Ethic has circled around and slipped it to these boys. They could labor around the clock if they wanted to; they could press their nose to the ground and their shoulder to the grindstone and their ass to their elbow, take in washing and ironing, and stare tight-lipped, set-jawed and glinty-eyed past the sunset. The fact wouldn't change that the basic economics of the cattle market right now is such that they have to lose money day by day, every day they stay in business.

There never were any calves killed and buried in Stephenville. The Texas ranchers were ultimately kept at bay by the threat that cattlemen would never get an audience in Washington if the Kill were carried out. A cattlemen's association in Wisconsin, however, decided to see about that. They shot or slit the throats of 658 calves. The next day the President agreed to talks.

Curiously, little cheering came out of Stephenville at the announcement. When Washington gets in a hurry, it tends to move "with all due speed." At home the concerns are closing in much faster. Here and there a banker will call in a rancher's loan and the others wonder when their turn will come.

Greenway says it's a new, embarrassing role for him to tell people he's all but ruined, but he figures he'll get used to it.

—By Darryl Farrow

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

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EVENING

November 18, 1982

7:00 (2) **NEWS—Cronkite**
(4) **NEWS—Chancellor**
(5) **I LOVE LUCY**
Lucy gets her hand stuck inside a bowling ball. Lucy: Lucille Ball.
(7) **NEWS—Reasoner**
(9) **THE NEW HOWDY DOODY SHOW**
Howdy (David Eisenhower) and Buffalo (H.R.) Bob are given a tour of the Disneyland Jungle Cruise by guide Ron Ziegler.
(11) **AMERICAN SPORTSMAN**
Cleveland Amory hunts puppies at New York's Bide-A-Wee Animal Shelter.
(13) **FRENCH CHEF**
Guest gourmet Guru Maharaj Ji gives the recipe for his Famine Filet, made with boiled water and sand. Also, Piers Paul Read discloses the secret ingredients of his Andes Casserole.
(47) **LA ISLA DE GILLIGAN**

7:30 (2) **CALLEY'S CRUSADERS**
"That's You All Over." In tonight's hilarious episode, the Lieutenant is attacked by a Viet Cong disguised as an infant. Bill: John Wayne.
(4) **SILENCE IS GOLDEN**
Monty Hall hosts this nighttime version of the popular game show where the first contestant to utter a sound is the loser. Tonight, champion G. Gordon Liddy defends his title against two students from the Los Angeles School for the Deaf.
(5) **HERE'S LUCY**
Lucy tries on a ring that her boss is giving his wife for their anniversary—and she can't get it off. Lucy: Lucille Ball.
(7) **JOHN AND MARTHA**
"I Plead a Fifth." John is disbarred; Martha consoles herself with a bottle of Southern Comfort. John: Telly Savalas. Martha: Carol Channing.
(9) **THE JAMES TAYLOR SHOW**
Guests Lawrence Welk and Percy Faith jam with James.
(11) **BASEBALL**
The Miami Braves vs. the New Jersey Yankees from Meadowlands Stadium.
(13) **BOOK BEAT**
The White House memoir "Courage in Low Profile" is discussed by the author, former President Nixon's valet, Manolo Contendre. Also, modern poet C.K. Williams describes the personal experiences behind the love sonnets in his latest collection, *Feces*.
(47) **MI MADRE EL AUTOMOVIL**

8:00 (2) **BREAD LINE**
(PREMIERE) Robert Culp and Bill Cosby star in this situation comedy set in New York during the 1975 Depression. Tonight, "Crash Diet." It's Thanksgiving, and the gas shortage has cut off food deliveries to the kitchen.

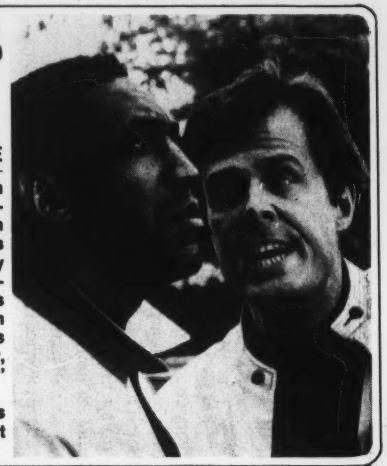
close up

—Comedy
9:00 (2)

BREADLINE

Robert Culp and Bill Cosby are reunited in this situation comedy set in New York during the 1975 Depression. Bob plays Sam Flute, a down-and-out banker who becomes a gigolo to make ends meet. Bill is Jimmy Jones, Flute's sidekick who poses as his valet. Based in a Bowery hotel, their high jinks take them all over the five boroughs, from the Bronx to Staten Island. The show was created by Paul Slansky, whose last show, the dramatic "Washington Post-mortem," was canceled last season.

Tonight's episode, "Crash Diet." It's Thanksgiving, and the gas shortage has cut off food deliveries to the soup kitchen.



4 DEATH WISH
Paul discovers that a grocery clerk has overcharged him for a head of lettuce and decides to get even. Paul: Chuck Connors. (R)

5 THE LUCY SHOW
While doing the dishes, Lucy drops an earring down the drain. She sticks her hand in to retrieve it and. . . . Lucy: Lucille Ball.

7 SPIRO'S HEROES
"Caviar Emptor." Spiro is hit with a lawsuit when a neighborhood youth claims that a fish egg sandwich that he bought at the grocery was laced with botulism. Spiro: Ed McMahon.

13 WASHINGTON WEEK IN REVIEW
White House Counsel F. Lee Bailey discusses the decline of ethics in the legal profession

47 LA MONJA VOLANDO

8:30 **2 THIEU'S COMPANY, KY'S A CROWD**
(PREMIERE) A cast of thousands (hundreds of them in casts) stars in this situation comedy set in Southeast Asia in the early 1970s. Tonight: "I've Got Them in Napalm of My Hand." It's Christmas in Hanoi, and Santa arrives with a bang.

4 REST IN PEACE
(PREMIERE) Dom de Luise and Don Knotts portray a pair of undertakers in this new comedy series. Tonight: "Missing in Action." With a funeral only hours away, the boys have a problem—they've misplaced the body.

5 MERV GRIFFIN
Merv's guests include Charo, Arthur Treacher, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Lucille Ball.

7 FRIDAY THE RABBI ATE CROW
"Thou Shalt Not Impeach." Unaware of the contents of the secret tapes, Rabbi Korff crusades for ratification of the Eleventh Commandment. Baruch: Mickey Rooney.

9 THE FAMILY THAT SLAYS TOGETHER
"Helter Skelter." In a mischievous mood, Charlie and the girls head for the home of a famous director. Charlie: Richard Thomas. Sadie: Karen Carpenter.

11 NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK
The contestant with the "sharpest" eyesight is likely to be the winner in this nighttime version of the popular game show, hosted by Bob Barker.

13 AMERICAN HISTORY
Jim Bishop narrates "The Day King Timahoe Died."

47 EL SQUADO MODO

9:00 **2 SERPICO**
"The Bench Connection." Serpico discovers that a New York Supreme Court judge is the head of a heroin-smuggling ring. Serpico: Al Pacino.

close up

9:00 4 20

PARDON ME

In this new game show, convicted criminals vie for the sympathy of the audience. The one that scores highest on the applause-o-meter wins an unconditional pardon.

The show marks a new level of government-network cooperation. A representative of the President, who is legally responsible for granting pardons, will appear at the conclusion of each broadcast to personally deliver the prize to the lucky convict. George Steinbrenner, whose trucking firm is sponsoring the show and who will himself appear next week as the celebrity contestant, calls the President's support for the show "wonderful, incredible." He adds, "I'm as thrilled as the kid to be going on the air myself." Art James hosts. Tonight's guest celebrity is Sirhan Sirhan.

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7 THE GAZILLIONAIRE
The destitute head of the N.Y. Port Authority is the beneficiary of Nelson's largesse. George C. Scott stars.

9 QUEEN FOR A LIFETIME
Transsexuals vie for the operation. Jack Bailey hosts.

13 FIRING LINE
"Do You Believe in God?" William F. Buckley Jr.'s panel includes the Revs. Billy Graham, John McLaughlin, Norman Vincent Peale and Ike.

47 QUES ES MI EMPLEO?

9:30 **7 MOVIE**
"Give Me Your Volts." (1977) Regis Philbin stars in this TV movie about the aborted Vice Presidential campaign of Thomas Eagleton.

9 YESTERDAY'S PAPERS
"Chickens Coming Home to Roast," a documentary about the 1974 Hearst kidnapping and subsequent shoot-out.

11 MOVIE
"So What?" (1975) Astronauts go to the moon.

10:00 **2 THE NEWLYDEAD GAME**
Bob Eubanks hosts this nighttime version of the popular game show in which widows and widowers exchange embarrassing anecdotes about their recently departed spouses.

5 DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR CHILDREN ARE?

13 THE NIXON YEARS
Tonight, "The Bucks Stop Here," an examination of the Hughes contribution, the Hughes loan and Hugh Sloan.

47 LA VERDAD O LAS CONSECUENCIAS

10:30 **2 THE PLUMBERS**
"Out of Ordure." Hunt and Liddy are assigned to repair a toilet at the 42nd Street IRT. There's only one problem—a wino is sleeping in the stall. Hunt: Art Linkletter. Liddy: Burt Reynolds.

4 PROFIT WITHOUT HONOR
"The Devil's Advocate." The President jokingly suggests an illegal course of conduct, rather than the easy, popular route down the hang-out road. Dick: David Frye. Bob: Warren Oates.

5 THE LUCY-DESI COMEDY HOUR
Lucy sneaks home early to spy on Ricky, and gets herself locked in the closet. Lucy: Lucille Ball.

13 EVENING AT POPS
Vocalist Cybill Shepherd joins Arthur Fiedler.

11:00 **2 NEWS**
4 NEWS
7 NEWS
9 MOVIE—Drama
"When Johnny Comes Marching Home." (1975) A young man believed dead in the Vietnam War turns up very much alive ten years later. Johnny: Jerry Mathers.

11 CELEBRITY SHUFFLEBOARD

13 MASTERPIECE THEATRE
Eleanor and Franklin. Eleanor has Lucy Rutherford in for tea and a chat. Eleanor: Beatrice Arthur. Lucy: Barbi Benton. FDR: Raymond Burr.

11:30 **2 THE CHRIS CHUBBUCK SHOW**
The Florida newswoman's guest tonight is Ernest Hemingway.

4 THE TONIGHT SHOW STARRING JACK PAAR
Scheduled: Joey Bishop, Clement Freud, Mrs. Rose Kennedy and Peggy Cass. Also, a film clip of Jack's African safari.

5 HERE'S LUCY
Mr. Mooney leaves Lucy in charge of the bank, and she gets locked in the vault over the weekend. Lucy: Lucille Ball.

7 THE DICK CAVETT SHOW
(SPECIAL) Dick returns for his annual show. Tonight, 90 minutes with the Gabor sisters.

11 MOVIE—Mystery
"Hatchet Job." (1976) A mass murderer terrorizes a migrant camp. Juan Corona: Ricardo Montalban.

11:31 **2 MOVIE—Porn**
"Deep Throat." (1972) Linda Lovelace, Harry Reams.

12:00 **5 MOVIE—Musical**
"Mame" (1974) Lucille Ball stars in this turkey—and she looks the part.

1:00 **4 TOMORROW**
Topics include bestiality and numismatics. Tom Snyder hosts.

7 MOVIE—Suspense
"Earthquake at Towering Inferno Airport." (1975) An all-star cast makes a unanimous fool of itself in this unmitigated disaster.

Stations and networks reserve the right to make last-minute changes.

25104

THE ENTERTAINER

Charles Hansen
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Scott Joplin: his rags, whose riches?

1974's musical superstar is an obscure black composer who's been dead for 57 years. Now that *The Sting* has brought Joplin new fame and fortune, his work has become a controversial gold mine

By Jack Viertel

It's a dirty business, the making of musical superstars, as anyone who has picked up a recent copy of *Rolling Stone* or even *Variety* can tell you. Superstardom is an elusive and privileged status, achieved through a finely measured blend of mogul money, industry hype, multifaceted sex appeal and, if possible, a sound that can be marketed with efficiency and no waiting.

How odd it must be, then, for the music industry kingpins to make a place for a black composer dead 57 years, whose own career was so unsuccessful that his life ended in a state hospital for the indigent. His name was Scott Joplin, and he is, without doubt, the hypeless superstar of 1974—a modern wonder. Joplin's music can be heard blaring from broken speakers in front of Times Square record stores, programmed on top-40 radio formats, tuxedoed at Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall, and sung with full operatic orchestration at Washington's Wolf Trap Farm Summer Festival. In Santa Monica, California, a pizza parlor's marquee, formerly advertising a $1.39 luncheon special, now simply states, "Scott Joplin Music Played Here." That's all the customers need to know.

The immediate cause of this craze is, of course, a movie called *The Sting* and a Joplin piece called "The Entertainer," which was used as the movie's theme and will, no doubt, be referred to as "The Sting" forever after, despite its original title. The piece has been stupendously successful, selling millions of copies as a single and more millions as part of an album, in addition to an unprecedented 500,000 sheet music sales.

"The sheet music sale is like something out of 1906, before record players," says Max Morath, who has been concertizing Joplin's music since the '50s. Morath is one of a small group of people who have kept the name of classic ragtime, the music composed by Joplin and his associates, from dying out in the years after its popularity declined to practically nil.

The informal dean of this clan is a man named Rudi Blesh, a writer with a knack for starting trends. His 1966 biography of Buster Keaton was in great part responsible for the reawakening of interest in Keaton films, but his collaborative study of Joplin and his contemporaries, *They All Played Ragtime* (written with Harriet Janis), has retained cult status since its publication in 1952. Unlike most books about music idols, it is not stacked on the tables of Brentano's or Doubleday. In fact, it is pretty hard to find, and while Joplin's music has emerged from the cult to become something of a national mania, his personal story—as well as the dispensation of his suddenly burgeoning income—remains obscure.

Is Joplin's life about to become as famous as his rags? Jennings Lang, senior vice-president of M.C.A., whose Universal Studios released *The Sting*, doesn't rule out the possibility. "There are about nineteen treatments for pictures about Scott Joplin floating around," he says. "I don't know if there's a story there or not."

In truth, Joplin's life does not have the myth-making pop culture thrills of dope or violence that kept the fictionalized Billie Holiday hurtling through the seamy sensationalism of the film *Lady Sings the Blues*. Joplin's is a life dominated by a quest for legitimacy. From the time he published his first rag in 1899 until his death not quite 19 years later, his activities were devoted to the task of earning acceptance from the "serious" music establishment for himself and his bastard child—ragtime. Unfortunately, he had neither the face nor the background to succeed.

Scott Joplin was born in Texarkana, Texas, in 1868 and remained there for 14 years. By the age of 7 his musical talent was so prodigious that his father, a former slave, bought him a piano, and he was given lessons, primarily classical, by a local German piano teacher. He left home following an impasse with his father, who insisted he learn a trade, and became an itinerant musician, drifting up and down the Mississippi, following any job he could find, finally centering his activities around St. Louis. It was a world of saloons and bordellos, night gambling and easy money, but somewhere along the line Scott Joplin seemed to have gotten it out of his system. His classical training may have helped him absorb the flowing, polyrhythmic melodies known as "jig piano" that he and hundreds of others were creating nightly, and may have driven him to want to write them down on music paper. Most of the pianists devoted themselves to the available high life, but Joplin settled down in the town of Sedalia, Missouri, and enrolled in a Negro college, taking advanced courses in harmony and composition. In 1895 he published a couple of mediocre songs, and in 1899 his first rag appeared.

In that same year, Joplin met the man who would change his life, and without whom there might be no ragtime boom today. John Stark, former homesteader, ice cream manufacturer and musical instrument peddler, was a white man and 58 years old when he walked into a Sedalia saloon in 1899. While enjoying a beer, he heard Scott Joplin play a rag on the piano and invited him to Stark & Son music company, where he bought the piece for $50 plus a royalty. It was called "The Maple Leaf Rag," and soon Joplin and Stark were wealthy men. "The Maple Leaf" sold in the neighborhood of 75,000 copies in six months. Scott Joplin, 31 years of age, moved out of the red light district to stay, hopeful that ragtime was on its

way to legitimate acceptance as a classical American form. This was, unfortunately, the last sensational success that ever befell him.

He moved to St. Louis, where a poor marriage dissolved after the death of an infant daughter. The success of his rags kept him from financial difficulty, but their very popularity seemed to drive him to more and more ambitious projects. A 20-page ballet with lyrics and dance instructions, called *The Ragtime Dance*, was a 1902 failure, and an entire opera, *A Guest of Honor*, was never professionally produced, although there were evidently private performances and backers' auditions. The opera is now lost, but its rumored plot, concerning a reception at the governor's mansion where the guest of honor is none other than Scott Joplin himself, bespeaks the composer's yearning for acceptance into the white establishment and for acknowledgment of his not insubstantial accomplishments.

In 1907 Joplin moved to New York. He wrote only 11 rags in the last nine years of his life, and most of his labor was devoted to a new opera, *Treemonisha*. He remarried, and his wife took on boarders while he worked to complete the opera, which was rejected by all of the music publishers to whom it was submitted. In 1911 Joplin published it at his own expense, hoping to interest producers in mounting it.

Two years later, still without backers, Joplin joined the general Negro migration uptown to Harlem. In a house on 131st Street, he worked feverishly on the opera's orchestration, but his mental state was beginning to deteriorate. He experienced periods of almost monomaniacal concentration on his work. His failure to induce production of the opera by publishing it led him to mount a trial performance of it in 1915, banking all his hope and most of his money on it. Its failure was a crushing blow. Joplin fell into a depression from which he only occasionally emerged. His coordination began to deteriorate, as can be heard to a shocking extent on a piano roll of "The Maple Leaf Rag" that he made in June of 1916. In the fall of that year, his wife was forced to have him committed to the Manhattan State Hospital on Wards Island, where he died on April 1, 1917. The certificate states his cause of death as "Dementia Paralytica—cerebral. Contributing Cause: Syphilis." A man who had worked all his life to escape the stigma of the red light district finally had it stamped on him forever. As a memorial, John Stark issued *Reflection Rag*, evidently culled from unpublished themes in the Stark & Co. files.

Joplin's music never really died. But although "The Maple Leaf" became a standard and has never been out of sheet music print, its composer was a more or less forgotten man when the Blesh and Janis book was published. Since that time, his career has sputtered from time to time, but very few people actually heard the piano rags or the opera, which was partially recorded in the mid-'60s by the Utah State University Concert Chorale on a small, badly distributed label. In 1967 The Maple Leaf Club, a Los Angeles-based international society for the preservation of classic ragtime was formed, but it wasn't until 1968 that the seeds for the boom were sewn. Once again, the moving force was Rudi Blesh, although he could hardly have known it at the time.

He was sharing a cramped office at Queens College in New York with three desks and nine occupants, among them a young composer named William Bolcom, who expressed an interest in Joplin's opera. Blesh had a copy of the opera and lent it to Bolcom, who sent it to a college friend named T.J. Anderson, a black composer teaching at Morehouse College in Atlanta.

At about the same time, a respected music editor named Vera Brodsky Lawrence was beginning a series of publications for the New York Public Library's "Americana Collection Music Series," and Bolcom, who had known Lawrence vaguely for several years, suggested that Joplin's complete works might be a fit place to begin. Evidently, none of this was done with any ardent fanaticism. Coincidence merely placed Bolcom in close proximity to a number of people who had a lot of muscle. The wheels turned, and by January of 1971 Joshua Rifkin, another friend of Bolcom's, had a classical best-seller called *Piano Rags by Scott Joplin* issued on Nonesuch Records, for which the pianist was musical director. Bolcom also had an album out on Nonesuch featuring Joplin's rags, and the Public Library's book of Joplin's complete works was on the way. There was enough activity for Harold Schoenberg, the prestigious classical music critic of the New York *Times*, to devote a large Sunday article to the Joplin renaissance.

A man who had worked all his life to escape the stigma of the red light district finally had it stamped on him forever

"I think it's pretty amusing," said Max Morath, "that once Harold Schoenberg said Joplin was all right, all these classical music people, who had known about Joplin but disregarded him, decided he was a genius. These are the people that Joplin was up against all his life."

But amusing or not, the Schoenberg piece had an impact. Joplin recordings began to proliferate, concerts were held, and soon word was out that *Treemonisha* was to be performed in Atlanta, newly orchestrated by T.J. Anderson. The classical music people were hooked, and to a great extent the student market was, too. In January of 1972, when *Treemonisha* premiered in Atlanta, Joplin's music was still underground, but the possibilities for a real boom were evident to anyone whose ears were open. In his review of the Atlanta performance, Schoenberg stated simply, "The audience tonight went out of its mind after hearing [the finale] 'A Real Slow Drag.' "

A year later Gunther Schuller, president of the New England Conservatory, a Boston institution somewhat similar to Julliard, recorded an album of Joplin rags with a 12-piece orchestra, using arrangements published by John Stark during Joplin's lifetime. Titled *The Red Back Book*, after the Stark volume that had inspired it, the album was an instant smash. It became Angel Records' all-time best seller, and has recently been followed by two more Angel recordings of rags, one of which is already on the company's all-time top 10.

Then came *The Sting*, and superstardom. George Roy Hill, the film's director, liked ragtime. He thought it fit the mood of his film even though it was several decades out of period. He was well acquainted with the music and played the piano himself for the rough cut of the film. After a look and a listen he called in Marvin Hamlisch to fix it up. The film opened, and suddenly millions of people were walking around America complaining to each other that it was impossible to banish "The Entertainer" from their heads. Ragtime had captured the country as it had been unable to do since the turn of the century when John Stark had stayed up nights running off copies of "The Maple Leaf Rag" on a hand press in Sedalia.

"To me *The Sting* music is just 'Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head,' " says Morath. "But a lot of people are making a villain out of Marvin Hamlisch, which is wrong. He was called in to do a

Jack Viertel has written song lyrics for Bonnie Raitt and is at work on a screenplay (not about Scott Joplin).

Joplin biographer Rudi Blesh places a maple leaf on the composer's grave in Queens, in memory of his first big hit, "The Maple Leaf Rag." The grave went unattended until recently.

job, and he did it. Did it well, too." Hamlisch, for his part, has no doubt about his role in the score's success. "When I adapt a score," he says, "I'm like a tailor. The material is already there. All I do is alter it, make it fit a scene. If it has to be a minute and fourteen seconds, I make it a minute and fourteen seconds." But Hamlisch feels the bite of having worked with a composer who is getting his due after so long. The new-found backers become militant.

"There is a tremendous bone of contention about me thanking Joplin at the Academy Awards. It's on video tape—I thanked him. People keep accusing me. I never said I wrote 'The Entertainer.' I think the reason people forget is that I won three awards, which was kind of historic, and I have a personality, I got laughs up there, and that's what they remember."

But with *The Sting* came money, and when it came it brought trouble. While "The Entertainer" and "The Maple Leaf Rag" are in the public domain, all of Joplin's post-1906 rags as well as his opera are not, as a result of the suspension of the copyright law in 1961. So while the ragtime clan is not concerned about the money accruing to Hamlisch—money that would not belong to a Joplin estate in any case—they are wondering about the royalties from all the still-copyrighted Joplin works now in revival. That money is theoretically being channeled into something called the Music Trust of Lottie Joplin Thomas, a fund set up by the estate of Joplin's widow, who died in 1955. Not only is the ultimate dispensation of the royalties the trust collects somewhat obscure, but, at the same time, the trust's managers seem bent on retaining tight control over who can or cannot perform Joplin's music.

The trustee of the estate is a lawyer named Robert Rosburne, who is "advised" by a well-known music attorney named Alvin Deutsch. Deutsch is, perhaps coincidentally, Vera Brodsky Lawrence's personal lawyer, and many sources insist that it is she who holds the reigns on Joplin's work. "She has no legal authority," says Dick Zimmerman, president of The Maple Leaf Club, "but she has the say. This is a group of people whose interest does not seem to be in getting the music out to be heard." Zimmerman's opinion is shared by several other sources.

"I have been legally blocked from giving more performances of *Treemonisha*," says T.J. Anderson, who had wanted some of the *Treemonisha* royalties from the Atlanta performance to go to set up a Scott Joplin Foundation for the furtherance of Afro-American music through scholarships. "Ninety-eight percent of pop music comes from the black community," he says, "but not two percent of the money is ever returned there. We're trying to protect what we can." But the Lottie Joplin Thomas Trust doesn't seem interested. "T.J. Anderson has no rights here whatever," says Alvin Deutsch. The trust rejected Anderson's orchestration for the opera and commissioned a second one from William Bolcom, who is now sorry he did it and would withdraw his work if he could. "This has been a very miserable thing for me," Bolcom says—but then his misery may end soon, since it appears that Gunther Schuller has been commissioned to do a third setting. In any case, as it stands the opera cannot be performed without threat of a lawsuit from one side or the other. It seems odd that the trust should fight so hard to keep Joplin's future under control. They turned down an offer from Columbia to record the complete *Treemonisha*, and recently denied Twentieth Century-Fox the right to use selections from the opera in a television movie. "I forget why. I think they wanted exclusive rights to it," says trustee Rosburne. "Maybe that was it. Anyway, we turned them down."

Why the tight control?

"It's not the money," Rosburne asserted. "Make no mistake, there isn't that much of it."

"Hogwash," says Max Morath, and

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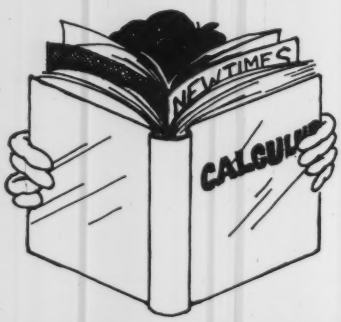

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his opinion is hard to argue with. *The Sting* soundtrack album has topped the 2 million mark. Rifkin's two albums have sold a combined total of something like a half million, Morath's new album is on the charts, and Bolcom's album has done quite well. Schuller recorded very little of the material under copyright, but the subsequent Angel albums used some. In addition, there have been Joplin albums from people as diverse as actor George Segal and classical organist-harpsichordist E. Power Biggs. What is the Lottie Joplin Thomas Trust doing with their share of that money?

"There is a beneficiary," Rosburne reassures.

An heir?

"I don't know if you could call her an heir. She's the second Mrs. Joplin's niece. Mary L. Wormley."

Can she be interviewed?

"She knows nothing. She'd never heard of Joplin. And I don't want anybody bothering her. She gets a certain amount each month. Nothing is really known about Scott Joplin, you see, about his life. He has no living relatives, no one we've ever found. He's really a big mystery."

Perhaps, but not as big a mystery as the trust administering his growing estate, or its beneficiary, who could not be located.

Should new proposed copyright legislation make its way through Congress, which seems at long last to be on the horizon, Joplin's works will pass into the public domain, where they can be gotten at and brought to their fullest potential audience. This is really what the ragtime clan is after.

"It isn't the kind of music one wants to make money with," says Bill Bolcom. "I just like to play it at parties, you know, with friends."

And Rudi Blesh, encouraged by Joplin's popularity, has a hard time swallowing the boom as a whole. "Ragtime isn't just Joplin," he says. "It's fine that it should come back, it's part of America, the nearest thing we have to a classical American music. But ragtime as a whole tends to be ignored. When things get started in this country they naturally hype up on one guy. This year it's Joplin."

Blesh has a point. By the time ragtime is put in its perspective as a "classical American music," Joplin's superstardom will be a thing as far away as the tinkling pianos of the Missouri bordellos that gave the music its birth. America has made and forgotten culture heroes before, but this time when the dust settles, as surely it soon must, the chances are that it will be unable to successfully bury Scott Joplin. ●

MOVIES

Radioactive rock

By Frank Rich

Ten years ago the horror of an age seemed to have reached its penultimate expression in Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove (or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb)*, a bitter comedy about mad militarists hellbent on transforming humanity into a mass of Silly Putty through the modern miracle of nuclear explosives. For a society that had long since lost its grip on a wildly proliferating technology, Kubrick provided a swift kick in the balls. His vision coincided precisely with what was probably our last truly collective, bipartisan national nightmare—a nightmare full of such tangible, accessible elements as mushroom clouds, Barry Goldwater, strontium 90 and jargon like "first-strike capability" and "better dead than red" (or was it "better red than dead"?). But that was in 1964. In the time since, a funny thing has happened on the way to the apocalypse: for better or for worse, neither the Yankees nor the Commies have ever gotten around to pressing that tiny red button which promised to blow us all to kingdom come. We traded in the Cold War for a generation of ersatz peace, and, as of this writing, civilization—or at least what passes for civilization—is still very much with us. These days no one spends too much time talking about the fallacy of Fail-Safe or about whether ill-prepared neighbors should be allowed to crash in one's fallout shelter. We're beyond all that. We have learned to stop worrying and love the bomb.

Just how much we love it, and just how that love reveals itself, is made indelibly clear by Brian De Palma's new rock-horror movie, **Phantom of the Paradise**. It's a picture that explains with traumatizing and often hilarious accuracy what the real effects of nuclear fallout have been during the decade since Kubrick made his classic satire. What De Palma understands—and I believe he is right—is that the bomb, once perceived as the number one threat to our culture, has now been enshrined by that culture. Americans have grown impatient in their wait for the end of the world and have taken to acting out that frustratingly delayed climax in the here and now—even to the extent of turning the specter of nonsensical mass murder into a basis for mass entertainment. While De Palma, like Kubrick, tells the story of a monomaniacal crazy who controls the imagery as well as the actual hardware of holocaust, his updated Strangelove is not a creature of the Pentagon but a titan of show business: a hip-looking cretin by the name of Swan (Paul Williams) whose fabulously successful media complex, Death Records, trades in the music of mutilation and humiliation. As De Palma sees his time (the movie is set in December 1974), the noise and gore of nuclear violence have been effectively sublimated into rock violence; an Alice Cooper is nothing more than Kubrick's General Jack D. Ripper dressed up in drag and quadrophonic sound.

A record magnate (Paul Williams) and his Phantom (William Finley) in De Palma's *Phantom of the Paradise:* the most original American comedy of the year.

Actually, *Phantom of the Paradise* is about a lot of things, some of which are more interesting than others. At its most juvenile level, the film is, as the title indicates, a modern reworking of that old horror warhorse *The Phantom of the Opera*—with touches of *Faust* and *Dorian Gray* grafted on for good measure. Beyond that, De Palma (who both wrote and directed) has packed his project with a fair amount of highly detailed spoofing of current rock stars—satire that, high-grade as it often is, may well date as quickly as last year's issues of the *National Lampoon*. Where the film pays off, and what makes me feel it is the most

original American film comedy I have seen this year, is in De Palma's grotesque depictions of an America intent on killing itself—bloody visions that he has devised entirely within the context of his metaphor of record-industry-as-doomsday machine. In *Phantom of the Paradise*, a rock composer is permanently disfigured by getting his own hit album's grooves pressed into his face, a rock star is fried onstage via a hurled neon lightning bolt that short-circuits his electronic paraphernalia, and a real-life assassination is staged within a televised rock wedding because, as Swan puts it, "That's entertainment!" Meanwhile, of course, the fans sing and dance and cheer in the aisles.

De Palma's smartest move in terms of crystallizing this rather unruly film's principal concern is to make Swan, the promoter of death entertainment, an actual killer himself. In his lust to find the perfect music to open a dream rock palace, the Paradise ("his own Xanadu, his own Disneyland," explains a narrator), Swan rips off a prized rock cantata, "Faust," from its composer and attempts to have the poor gaga-eyed musician (William Finley) murdered; when the composer survives and comes back to haunt the Paradise in the guise of the proverbial phantom, Swan then buys up his soul. De Palma's portrait of his villain may not sit too well with the reigning boy geniuses of our record industry—or with the rock-publishing magnate whose well-chronicled personality traits Swan seems to share—but the character proves to be a perfect vehicle for forcing us to recognize the ultimate import of an environment where brutality and merchandising are hopelessly intertwined; Swan's own actions parallel those of a business which can find in yesterday's seeming dance of planetary death the inspiration for tomorrow's gold record. Death Records, housed in a steely black skyscraper full of sterile white corridors, denim-clad hired thugs, and reel upon reel of clandestinely recorded video tape, is in a sense the corporation of Coppola's *The Conversation* recast in specific terms. Even such intrinsically harmless artifacts as the company's logo (an upturned dead bird) and its stockpile of "Faust" record jackets (black with silver lettering) seem to be quintessential manifestations of a shell-shocked moral universe in which living no longer qualifies as a legitimate human endeavor.

Such stuff may not be immediately identifiable as sure-fire laugh material, but then again I never found Kennedy assassination theories so amusing until De Palma had a go at them in his centrifugal '60s comedy, *Greetings*. This filmmaker has a sensibility worth caring about; he informs his work with a sweetness of spirit that is not only ingratiating in and of itself but which also serves to lighten the ideological load of his theme. In *Phantom*, De Palma has envisioned an evil Swan Foundation that funds prisons for nefarious purposes—but the substance of that evil has its whimsical side: the inmates are forced to have their teeth replaced by silver dentures and are then required to manufacture "Tiddley Winks" on an assembly line. The director's victimized heroine, a diminutive singer named Phoenix (Jessica Harper), looks (like many of this director's leading ladies) as though she were a refugee from a Charles Addams cartoon, but underneath her dark physical demeanor beats a giddy heart. When Phoenix steps in, *42nd Street*-style, to substitute for a vanished concert headliner, she literally shakes away her ghostly pallor and metamorphoses into a bouncing figure of bracing eroticism. (Harper herself, by the way, is a real find.) There's also something gentle about the way De Palma handles his parodies of rock entertainers—he never lets these sequences slip into the obnoxious, generalized clowning of, say, a Carol Burnett-Harvey Korman routine—and, in Beef (Gerrit Graham), a glitter-singer outfitted in iridescent red scars and meticulously set spit curls, he has the funniest rock-and-roll send-off since Dick Shawn danced the Cockamamie in the pre-Twist era. Beef is just a shade too beefy to prance around with the delicacy of a David Bowie, and he can't quite handle his platform shoes; he looks and talks like a tired stripper who hasn't heard that burlesque is dead. ("I'm a pro-*fes*-si-onal," he shrieks. "I've been in the business a long time.") But De Palma stops short of drawing the character so broadly that he might be construed as a put-down of homosexuality. Beef is vulnerable and self-aware, insisting on his ability to distinguish between "drug real" and "real real," even as he presides over an act whose chorus of ghoulish backup men throws around members of the audience while simulating acts of dismemberment and necrophilia.

De Palma has pulled off a number of other risky tactical decisions as well. Certainly Paul Williams—the Carpenters' slick songwriter-turned-Vegas crooner—can be a lamentable, even downright offensive, personality, but in *Phantom*, De Palma has smartly chosen to capitalize on his star's negative qualities. With his lengthy, too-too platinum hair, tinted eyeglasses and gratingly silken voice, Williams makes a swell, insidious creep—a literal and figurative agent of the devil with a briefcase full of multicolored pills and a burning desire to have the whole world "under contract," as long as those contracts are signed in blood. Much to my surprise, Williams has also written a good score for the picture, and De Palma has had the good sense to have him perform it on the soundtrack but not on-camera. Regrettably enough, the director has been less successful at curbing his own worst excess—his predilection for mimicking other film directors. The passions of a cultist, I guess, die hard. Although *Phantom* in no way revives the slavish, dead-end Hitchcock paraphrasings of De Palma's last film, *Sisters* (a reasonably fun picture that was as empty as a copybook exercise), it does contain some camera flourishes borrowed from old horror movies and the apparently obligatory (in American films this year) references to *The Manchurian Candidate* and *Psycho* (though on this occasion, I'm happy to report, De Palma reworks the shower scene from the latter picture to his own self-mocking advantage). *Phantom* also suffers slightly from that undertone of tackiness which is endemic to De Palma's career; thanks to some bad lighting and a lack of attention to detail (e.g., New York's City Center's identifying sign appears in one shot where that landmark is meant to serve as the exterior of the Paradise), the film occasionally calls attention to its less than lavish budget and, in so doing, unravels its spell.

If you are on De Palma's wavelength, however, I doubt these minor gaffes will matter too much. The real issue here is whether you will be on that wavelength. I suspect that *Phantom* is going to pass some audiences by completely, for it unfolds within a parochial cultural idiom—one that denies the film the reach of a greater post-nuclear comedy such as Kubrick's own *Clockwork Orange*. Even so, there are times when *Phantom* transcends its idiosyncratic milieu and takes on a persuasive life of its own. Especially so in the case of De Palma's most frequently used and, as it turns out, closing image: that of the Phantom, a mangled bundle of flesh enclosed in a grasshopper-like costume, banging away at his piano in a glass cage adrift in a pool of darkness. Like *Strangelove*'s bomb pilot, who insists on riding his own "nuke" to earth, the Phantom, too, is locked eternally into a

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fatal embrace with technology—for Swan has taken away the composer's natural voice and wired him for a new one that can be manipulated by an infinity of space-age consoles, amplifiers and filters. Through this hideous electronic Phantom, De Palma does paint a scathing and lasting portrait of mechanized murder, which is, as this filmmaker recognizes, the only growth industry we still have left.

If you want to see how a grownup man of enormous talent can, in one fell swoop, make himself the laughing stock of an industry and possibly a nation, then I suggest you high-tail it to **The Savage Is Loose**—a new movie that has been directed, produced, distributed and promoted by George C. Scott, who has also consented to cast himself in the starring role. This absurd regurgitation of *Swiss Family Robinson* (with a dash of incest added to provide a spark of anachronistic "controversy") is one of the biggest vanity productions the world has seen since the parting of the Red Sea—and it's just about as wet.

George C. Scott in *The Savage Is Loose:* so are a couple of screws.

The time is 1912 and the place is a deserted island where husband and wife, John (Scott) and Maida (Trish Van Devere), and their son David, the sole survivors of the wrecked ship *Adventure,* have been fated to serve out their lives. Dad is some kind of botanist who collects butterflies and has delusions that he's Charles Darwin ("The strong eat the weak in order to survive," he tells his son, who has never known civilization), and he's built his family a comfortable, thatch-roofed, seaside home that, in happier circumstances, might make a dandy outlet for Trader Vic's. Mom is a whiner and David— well, David's moving into manhood. He has these urges, you see (David: "Mom, can we get married when I grow up?" Mom: "Oh, David, you're such a funny child"), and it soon becomes evident (especially when the actor who plays the young David, Lee H. Montgomery, is succeeded by the one who plays the post-pubescent David, John David Carson) that sonny boy is quite hot to trot . . . . Which means he must get it on with either mom, dad or possibly even the beasts of the forest. The film ends on an ambiguous note that can be interpreted in a variety of ways, each of which is equally boring to contemplate—though, by all means, feel free to take your pick.

Scott's directorial style is what you might call primitive; some corny, old-fashioned montages of the island's wildlife or of the family's tense eyes in closeup at dinner seem to be parodies of Eisenstein. The repeated pans of the island's panoramic coastline, the sunset dissolves, and a final close-up of two hands reaching out for each other are almost definitive expressions of classic cinematic dreck. While the performances are uniformly wretched, Scott appears to have gone out of his way to make Van Devere, who is his real-life wife, look ridiculous; I think she'll be spending a lot more time at home with George once this particular piece of shit hits the fan. At least Scott cannot be held responsible for the screenplay, which is the work of Max Ehrlich and Frank De Felitta—though God knows how he thought this script to be anything other than the garbage that it is. Ehrlich and De Felitta's lines run from overkill (Dad: "Life is cruel—that's the whole point") to ersatz Tennessee Williams (Mom, reminiscing about her youth: "My how we danced and danced, round and round under the chandeliers, the boys so handsome, the girls so beautiful . . . .")to the portentous (Dad: "It's insane." Mom: "We're all insane") to the dialectical (Mom: "It's hopeless." Dad: "It's never hopeless"). Believe me, folks, it's hopeless.

Fear Eats the Soul-All, which was shown earlier this fall at the New York Film Festival under the title *Ali*, has, for me, the force of a revelation. The film is the work of a young West German filmmaker, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, whose last two pictures to be seen here, *The Merchant of Four Seasons* and *The Bitter Tears of Petra Von Kant*, left me fairly cold. Although *Ali* is in no way a

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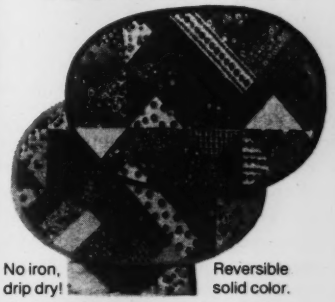

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departure from Fassbinder's previous work, it helped me see, for the first time, the dynamic possibilities inherent in the director's wholly unique vision—a vision expressed in cinematic terms so stylized that they often seem to silence the pulse beat of human life. In the other two films, the artifice of Fassbinder's approach was reinforced by the chilly nature of the material with which he worked; the movies were distanced, antiseptic distillations of often clinical relationships, and there was nothing to cling to except the bravura technique. Now, by choosing a warmer, familiarly plotted story (a love affair between a dumpy middle-aged scrubwoman and a virile immigrant Moroccan laborer 20 years her junior), Fassbinder brings the virtues and power of his formalized visual scheme into sharp relief: the gap between form and content in *Ali* gives both new meaning.

No one makes movies the way this man does. Fassbinder's pictures are composed of long takes that trap the characters in the frame and force us to study them, even when the people are doing nothing but standing and staring straight ahead; at other times we watch groups of characters as they silently study another character. The drama often develops out of the director's rhythmic presentation of opposing camps of living statues. And yet these relationships change—people realign and regroup themselves—and, through a rigorously ordered series of staged tableaus, the vicissitudes of a conventional heart-tugging romance (the couple at first must overcome the vicious bigotry of family and friends, then must face the true dilemmas of their own cross-cultural, May-September liaison) take on a stunning, almost ritualistic, impact. The film is so tightly controlled and calculated that even the shift of a minor scenic detail—the record on a jukebox, the posture of an actor—can reverberate across the entire work. Fassbinder is effectively playing God over a universe, limited though that universe may be, and that is a talent which separates the best directors from the also-rans. *Fear Eats the Soul-Ali* heralds a filmmaking career we're going to be following for a very long time to come.

For the first time since *Camelot* (which was—my God!—almost 15 years ago), composer Frederick Loewe and lyricist-librettist Alan Jay Lerner are back together as a team, but if you treasure your memories of the fruits of their past collaboration, I heartily suggest that you pass up the result of their reunion, a film adaptation of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's **The Little Prince**. The film is an embarrassment for all concerned, with the sole exceptions of Gene Wilder, who plays a very charming fox, and Saint-Exupéry, who is dead and can't defend himself.

Almost none of the spirit of the original story, a fantastical parable about the virtues of a child's "heart" over the adult "mind," remains in this overblown recycling. Lerner's screenplay is confused and pedantic, and the over-orchestrated musical numbers are usually out of sync with the moving mouths we see on screen (a problem the film occasionally deals with by showing us the singers in long shot or with their backs turned in mid-song). As the little prince (a 6½-year-old, Steven Warner, who is at least inoffensive) travels from planet to planet to meet a Saint-Exupéry-like pilot (Richard Kiley), a snake (Bob Fosse), a king (Joss Ackland), an historian (Victor Spinetti), a general (Graham Crowden) and a scantily clad rose (Donna McKechnie), an ugly element of seduction intrudes into the proceedings; in particular, the rose and the snake express a desire for the prince's company that borders on the kinky. The film's worst moments by far belong to Fosse, who is outfitted in black right to the tip of his bowler hat and who goes through the paces of a self-choreographed number that features the same tucked-elbows schtick he's managed to work into every musical he's ever staged, from *Pajama Game* to *Pippin*. Fittingly enough, the song he performs ("Snake in the Grass") has the aura of "Hernando's Hideaway"—while the dance steps are probably more appropriate to "Steam Heat."

Loewe has not exactly busted his ass to compose the movie's remarkably thin score, but he has come up with a lilting Viennese melody for the recurring main theme. In his lyrics Lerner is not afraid, I'm afraid, to invoke "God" when he gets into a bind; nor is he above rhyming "children" with "bewildering" or "stuff" with "stuff." Except for his ill-fated Broadway-bound musical version of Nabokov's *Lolita* (which I had the pleasure of seeing the night it folded in Boston), this is quite the worst work the man has ever done. As for Stanley Donen, the director who put the whole thing together, all I can do is grieve. This filmmaker, who co-directed *Singin' in the Rain* with Gene Kelly and then went on to make *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers, Funny Face, Charade* and *Two for the Road*, has done a job that can only charitably be described as imcompetent; never has a film director used a fish-eye lens so persistently for such nauseating results. Only in the lush red and midnight blue backdrops of the studio sets the director uses for many of the Sahara Desert sequences did I find any of that magical glow which once made the make-believe of a Donen musical the movies' closest equivalent to heaven on earth. In its lack of commitment to Saint-Exupéry or even entertainment per se, *The Little Prince* comes across as the work of talented men who have stopped caring about what they do and have even forgotten why they are doing it.

In his new film **The Nada Gang** (*Nada*) Claude Chabrol, who has made a number of magnificent thrillers about human zombies at work and cruel play in stifling French towns, goes to truly extravagant lengths to tell us where he stands on terrorism as a tactic for achieving social change. As it turns out, he's against it, for all the conventional liberal reasons—but the operative question is: do you really care one way or the other? I didn't, which is why I found *The Nada Gang*, for all its sound and fury and (for the most part) stylistic eloquence, about as provocative as a diatribe against spitting in public places.

The film's screenplay (by Chabrol and Jean-Patrick Manchette) is eons removed from the adulterous melodrama that characterized the other film Chabrol made in 1973, *Wedding in Blood*—it deals with a group of revolutionaries who kidnap the U.S. ambassador to France. Given that this director is at his brilliant best when unearthing the morbid subtexts of sterile bourgeois lives, it's not surprising that *The Nada Gang* deals far more vividly with its repressive ruling-clique villains than with its title characters: Chabrol's genius for casting the mundane in the weirdest of light comes most dramatically to the fore when he's showing us a chi-chi opera-house audience staring catatonically at a perverse avant-garde ballet or when he's focusing on the almost imperceptible psychological power plays of the French governmental bureaucracy. The kidnapping itself—set in a garish upper-crust bordello where the ambassador enjoys the kinky rituals of a chiffon-wrapped courtesan named Salomé—is a *tour de force*. As the diplomat is spirited out of the salon, a smoky pink melange of glistening Louis XIV furniture and karate-felled bodies, the only word he can summon to express his fear is "pity"—which he repeats over and over again in a monochromatic Dar-

ien-bred voice until it becomes a spacy incantation, a palpable and eerie incarnation of *nada*.

Once Chabrol starts holing up with the gang at the deserted farmhouse where the ambassador is kept under guard, he wastes himself and loses the audience. The radicals are too hopped up and generalized to incite much interest, though they're well acted by a cast whose outstanding member is Maurice Garrel, in the role of a weathered guerrilla technician (the Yves Montand part were this a Costa-Gavras film). Chabrol's fleeting strokes of behavioral specificity—a hushed, aborted lovemaking scene between Garrel and Mariangela Melato, a drunken outburst by the radical cell's hothead (Lou Castel)—aren't enough to fully establish the claustrophobic outlaw existence these protagonists share. Finally, the fluid construction of the film breaks down under the weight of a twisted plot by which Chabrol conspires to kill off every major character, regardless of party line, in order to drive home his point. Even the director's lofty closing shot of a sea of human wreckage (reminiscent of the high-pitched camera gesture which climaxed his *Champagne Murders*) can add only a visceral illusion of depth to a project whose intellectual aspirations are, by definition, flat.

BOOKS

A Chicken in the Foxes' Den

By Geoffrey Wolff

The End of Intelligent Writing *by Richard Kostelanetz.* Sheed and Ward (480 pp., $12.95).

I hope it comes as no news that the generality of writers are as nasty, grasping and envious as are the generality of CPAs and boarding school headmasters. They bully new boys, and are inhospitable to out-of-towners. They talk about metaphors less than about subsidiary rights. They bellyache about the bad cards they have been dealt by their ignorant readers and their pinch-fisted publishers. They wish one another ill: in Wilfrid Sheed's apercu, *it isn't enough that I succeed, my friend should fail a little*. The inhumanity of humanists has been wrung dry by satirists and vice presidents of the United States.

But literary logrolling, sniping, grasping and sneering haven't provoked many cries for reform. Most people who read seem to realize that cabalism and self-service all but define the literary personality, so they would no more think to demand that writers be selfless than they would think to urge boxers to be gentle. Richard Kostelanetz, who at 34 likes to regard himself as inflamed with the visionary zeal of the young, is a reformer. He has snuck a peek inside the temple of literature, and before he got bounced by the grave bravos guarding the gates, he sniffed corruption. Now he comes like Christ among us, sermonizing, kicking ineffectually at the bookmakers, warning of hellfire and—worse!—illiteracy to come. His book is a call to arms—CLEAN UP THE LITERARY RACKETS—and the damndest inventory of impudence and foolishness on sale for $13 this season or any recently past.

He promises to show in what ways bad writers smother and subvert good ones. Once the reader has cleared seven introductory epigraphs (a record-breaker, for sure), he finds this first sentence: "The title of this book announces its argument, which holds that a panoply of growing forces and festering symptoms forecast the likely end of 'intelligent writing' or 'literature' as we have known those traditions." Trouble already. Passing by the confusion of *panoply* with *forces*, passing by the hysterical modifier *festering*, what can those quotation marks around *intelligent writing* and *literature* mean? And what traditions? Literature, no more than religion, can be said to have *a* tradition. Specific literatures have specific traditions, but Kostelanetz, as we shall see, is no friend of specifics.

He is slippery and evasive, sometimes by inadvertence, but more often by calculation. He boldly promises to name the bookmakers' names, to expose their miserable double-dealings, to bring the whole damned temple tumbling down upon the guilty. Never fear: no scribbler need run for cover, the Righteous One is a sheep tricked out like a wolf. He beats up on the *New York Review*, and on *Commentary*, and on Jason Epstein of Random House, the husband of one of the editors of the *New York Review*, Barbara Epstein. But this is the coldest plate of leftovers in town. Merle Miller has written about the feuds and exclusions practiced by New York's institutional intellectuals, and so has Dennis Wrong, and so—most recently—has Philip Nobile, who is Kostelanetz's editor at Sheed and Ward. (*Nota bene*, conspiracy enthusiasts, among whom Kostelanetz leads all others.)

But he reveals nothing about the reviewing procedures (he would call them *schemes*) practiced by *Time*, or *Newsweek*, or *Book World*, or *Book Week*, or the New York *Times*, or the *New York Times Book Review* (incomparably the most influential review forum, because it is read religiously by booksellers). He alludes to anti-Semitism among "several old American publishing houses" and "certain cultural journals," but he won't name them. *Certain* is his trap door. A "certain veteran author" was humiliated by Jason Epstein. No name. Simon and Schuster failed to adequately promote a "certain new title." Ditto. So pervasive is his unwillingness to specify his charges and opinions that he writes of "certain initiatives" taken by the young that altered America's politics and taste during the '60s. "One New York editor" expects his academic authors to invite him to give lectures. Don't ask which one. The *New York Review* has acted high-handedly toward some of its young critics. Which ones? What are their complaints? At once timid and feral, Kostelanetz builds to a set of extraordinary charges: "White-collar mugging, as we shall call it, takes such sub-print forms as persuading editors not to publish (or review) the offending writer again, erasing names from manuscripts, or organizing a campaign of whispered intimidation." Again, not a single specific instance is revealed. "Some reviewers and reviewing media" favor Jewish writers. "Certain elder statesmen" deal wholesale in blurbs. No names.

The fellow's vulgarity is relentless. He whines aloud that the New York *Times* has taken insufficient interest in his work, and that having once written

for *Hudson Review*, he was never asked to contribute to that sensible journal again, "nor has my name ever since been mentioned in its pages," a breathtaking assertion, requiring him to have searched the magazine's every line, year upon year, for a reference, however glancing, to his poor self. Indeed, there is some evidence that rejection fueled his animus: "This is, quite frankly, a book I would prefer not to have written—or not to have found compelling reasons to write." But it's an insider's outsider story, a view of exclusion by one of the excluded. He submitted this book to "some of his previous publishers" (unspecified, of course). "All of them refused it."

Good books, great books, are rejected by editors. So are stupid books, false books, silly books, cowardly books, confused books. This particular book is gracelessly written, riddled with logical and factual errors, and both timorous and smug. Kostelanetz jumps up and down on Susan Sontag, Ralph Ellison, Morse Peckham and Cynthia Ozick for adding an apostrophe to *Finnegans Wake*. ("As anyone who has actually read it should know, there is no apostrophe!") Here follows a random, by no means exhaustive, list of the outraged author's careless errors:

*The author of *Fire in the Lake* is Frances FitzGerald, not Fitzgerald, and the hard-cover book was not published by Random House.

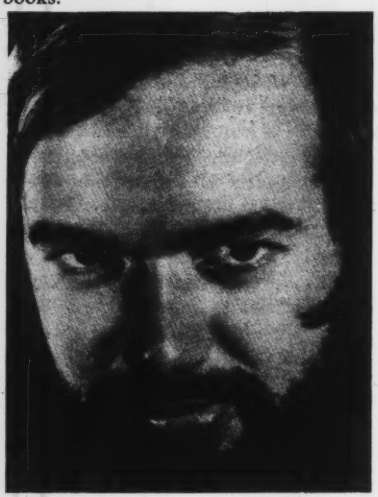
*It is not true that "only a few" Vietnam novels have been published. By my count more than 40 have appeared, and more than 20 of them were prominently reviewed.

*It is not true that an ex-president's memoir is a "sure-fire best seller." Holt took a terrible hosing on Lyndon Johnson's.

*It is not true that Renata Adler and John Lahr have "been the only young critics to get principal positions in powerful media."

John Leonard was one of two daily book critics for the New York *Times* while still in his 20s, and he is now editor of the *New York Times Book Review* at 35, and has been since 1971. I was appointed to the post of book critic at the Washington *Post* when I was 26, and to the same position at *Newsweek* when I was 30. Paul Zimmerman, movie critic of *Newsweek*, got his job when he was younger than I, and Raymond Sokolov, also younger than I, preceded me at *Newsweek*.

But in his reckless eagerness to heap charge upon charge, Kostelanetz doesn't care about facts, not to mention truths. He's on the hunt for bad motives, wherever he thinks he might find them, hiding in the bushes or casting shadows on his wall. There's no bottom to Kostelanetz's suspicions, or to his malice. Twice he refers to anthologies of young writers as having been "suspiciously mediocre," as though publishers intentionally chose dreck to "decimate the young," as their champion likes to phrase it. (Indeed, the object of this book, as it develops, is not to replace bad literature with good literature, but to replace mature writers with kids.) If a publisher places too high a price on a book, so that it does not sell as many copies as it might otherwise have sold, most authors would accuse the publisher of having made an error, perhaps an idiotic error. Kostelanetz calls the practice "censorship," as though it were in the publisher's interest to subvert his own books.



Richard Kostelanetz: unintelligent bellyaching.

In the far-off place where this man's logic hides, gentile writers try to pass as Jews because gentiles are ignored by critics and readers: "It seems likely that if Henry James, a classic goy, had written in the fifties and sixties, his novels would have gone hopelessly unknown." Pity Styron. Pity Capote. Pity Updike and Cheever. Coover. Gardner, Leonard and John. Pynchon. Oates. But name Kostelanetz no names. All he knows is that things aren't working out for him and his friends as happily as he'd like, that rooms have been barred that he'd like to enter. And he suspects that Jewish-American writers have hidden the keys, so he whines and snarls at them—from a safe distance, mind you.

Kostelanetz lists a crowd of writers, and says this about them: "It was not as imaginative writers or even as critics that the New York literary mob most obviously succeeded for they produced no more than a few distinguished books . . . ."Here they are, a few of them:Saul Bellow, Alfred Kazin, Robert Lowell, Norman Mailer, Dwight MacDonald, Richard Poirier, Harold Rosenberg, Philip Roth, Susan Sontag, Lionel Trilling, Paul Goodman, Bernard Malamud, William Styron, Hannah Arendt, W.H. Auden, James Baldwin, Noam Chomsky, Gore Vidal, Wallace Markfield and Edmund Wilson. (He also mysteriously adds to his *New York literary mob* the South African novelist Dan Jacobson, who lives in London, and the English critic and fictioneer V. S. Pritchett.) Look at the list again. Look at Kostelanetz's miserable, dumb declaration. Perhaps it tries to say that they each produced a few distinguished books, which would do nicely enough for any man's life, but I'm afraid that it really means to say that all of them together produced only a few distinguished books. Which is an unsupported and insupportable charge. A lie.

The great shame in all this is that there are many, many literary abuses that cry out for remedy. Too much power *is* located in too few book reviews and book publishers. Alternate book reviews, of, by and for the young, are a dandy idea (if such a market—conforming to a constituency of age rather than literary taste—truly exists). Try it, good luck to it, really. There's no black magic invested in the *New York Review*, or the *New Yorker*, or *American Review*. People buy them, which bestows power upon them. People buy them simply because they wish to read them, because they are pleased, edified, entertained or creatively irritated by what these journals offer. Nothing satanic. Just transactions in what is vulgarly called "the free marketplace of ideas." People of similar tastes become friends, sometimes marry. No malign alliance, necessarily. Perhaps a bunch of strangers, sharing an enthusiasm for Saul Bellow, let's say, became associates. Is this not more likely, and surely more healthy, than Kostelanetz's notion that a mob of cronies plucked Bellow out of a basket left on the front stoop of *Commentary* and decided to boost him?

Kostelanetz grazes against some authentic questions about literary life. But this squalid performance will successfully discredit any future reformer of cultural politics till its memory has been effaced. Sooner, mercifully, than its author ever dreamed.

TV

The unkindest cuts of all

By Lewis Archibald

Remember the search for the stickpin in the potato van from *Frenzy?* Or Jon Voight's encounter with a teenager in a 42nd St. movie theater from *Midnight Cowboy?* Or the horse's bloody head in the bed, the foot smashing through the windshield, and the *Bonnie and Clyde*-type murder of James Caan in *The Godfather?* Well, hold fast to your memories. For these are just some of the recent great movie moments that are either gone entirely or seriously curtailed in the edited-for-TV versions now splattering all over the network's fall schedules.

That's because in their ever-increasing voracity for big movie products on prime time, the networks this year are showing films that are seldom more than four years old and sometimes less than one—and the more recent the vintage of a Hollywood film, the less likely that film is to be suitable for TV's so-called family audience. Such '73 box-office clinkers as *Theatre of Blood, Oklahoma Crude* and *Charley Varrick* have already been aired, and *Godspell, Crazy Joe* (a '74 release!) and the one hit in the pack, *Walking Tall*, are coming up; but before they get to you, these films first have to take a little trip through television's own unique reducing salon, the editing room. By the time it reaches your screen later this year, *Walking Tall*, for example, will be 12½ minutes thinner. *Frenzy* has shed almost as much, but the champion of prime time cutting is *Midnight Cowboy*, which in its recent telecast was minus 25 minutes, a whopping 22 percent of its original running time.

Nevertheless, ABC, which wielded the scissors that turned the latter film into little more than a *Twilight Ranchhand*, insists that in no way was the film hurt. "We haven't spoiled the picture at all," says ABC's vice-president for Broadcast Standards (read censor), Grace Johnson, who insists that director John Schlesinger thoroughly approved of the sterilized version of his picture. "The integrity of the film is still there."

Other films shown this fall have been much luckier, mainly because the various networks have worked carefully with some individual directors and producers. Francis Ford Coppola did so with NBC on the upcoming *Godfather* and succeeded not only in keeping some of the violence in—"I will not let them sanitize that film," he is said to have insisted—but also saved a number of scenes from oblivion by coming up with alternate shots or out-take materials that avoided the offending portions. Still, much of the film's eye-popping violence is gone along with virtually all of the sex and the from-the-gut language. In short, much of what gave that film character and made it so popular.

But there are blessings of a sort to be achieved by directors who work with the networks. CBS' Tom Swafford was so pleased with Richard Brooks' cooperation on *The Professionals* that he gave Brooks "a reward . . . one bare boob." It was glimpsed in the film in silhouette. Peter Bogdanovich worked closely with ABC on *The Last Picture Show* with the result that the other two networks were surprised by the amount of footage left in. And current Directors Guild contracts stipulate that under certain conditions directors must be given a say in the editing of their work for TV.

With less than top films, the networks are not so willing to compromise. CBS' Swafford admits that "we have not endeavored to work with anyone on a run-of-the-mill movie." NBC's broadcast standards man, Robert Kasmire, goes a bit further: "There is more care taken with some films than with others. If the product is of lesser stature, there will be occasions when the edit will be a rough edit." Among the films of "lesser" stature that have recently been hulled by television are *What's the Matter with Helen?*, a zingy little Grand Guignol thriller, *Doctors' Wives*, a four handkerchief melodrama, and Sam Peckinpah's semi-classic *The Wild Bunch*. Ask the censors then just what constitutes "run-of-the-mill" and "lesser stature" and you get a full measure of hems, haws, poor box-office reports, lack of general notoriety, what-I-happen-not-to-like and what-we-didn't-have-to-pay-much-for. All of which means that some rather fine but unsung stuff is yearly getting treated by television in about the same cavalier way Abbott treated Costello.

Still, television is definitely getting more permissive. No network will yet play an X-rated film, but edited Rs are going on all the time (ABC still insists that edited versions of R-rated films be submitted for a PG rating before they'll show it). All three networks say that there's hardly a dramatic situation or story television cannot now undertake provided it is done in a nonexplicit manner, and NBC, the most conservative of the three, proved it this fall with *Born Innocent*, a made-for-TV film about reform schools with a rape scene similar to the famous one in *Myra Breckinridge*. About the only thing that really surprises each network these days is what the other networks can get away with. Swafford thinks the inevitable result will be some sort of rating system for TV similar to but not as poor as the MPAA one for films.

And there do continue to be limits. CBS has picked up *The Getaway* ("we're going to rearrange the ending a little bit) and *Magnum Force* ("we figure we could snip around the problems there") and even plans to restore footage to Sam Peckinpah's *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* that was cut by MGM. But it turned down *Carnal Knowledge* flat ("you couldn't even get the credits on the air"). No network was in any way interested in *Last Tango in Paris* or any of the Kung-Fu films, and, though no one seemed to really know why, the films of Robert Altman (post-*M*A*S*H*) and Ken Russell have been somewhat conspicuous in their absence from TV. Perhaps it's because such tightly made movies would be very hard to edit. "Some films are made so carefully," said Swafford, "that it really is impossible to make undamaging cuts. We wrecked *The Wild Bunch* because of that. But other films contain so much that is merely gratuitous. And the more gratuitous it is, the more easily it comes out."

In order to make those little snips—gratuitous or otherwise—unnoticeable, TV has come up with a finely honed arsenal of techniques. For *The*

Godfather Coppola was able to substitute versions of a few scenes shot from a more distant angle and thus keep some semblance of the scene in the film. Coppola also got James Caan to reloop his original dialogue so that pieces of some other scenes did not have to be cut. When such outside help is not available, network editors have a number of other solutions. In cases of nudity, individual scenes can often be blown up or enlarged until the offending portions of the anatomy are safely off screen. Sometimes a reaction or covering shot from some other part of the scene or film can be spliced in to keep the sound track intact while removing an offending or too suggestive gesture; a shot of an old car radio was used for that purpose in *The Last Picture Show*. And if a character has his head turned away from the audience so that you cannot actually see his lips moving when he utters a profanity, the sound can be relooped without cutting the frame; that's one way so much of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* got on the screen.

In more and more cases these days, directors will shoot two separate versions of especially gamey scenes, one for the theaters and one for TV, much as they once used to make one version of a scene for American audiences and another for Europeans. Hitchcock did this to some extent with *Frenzy*. In rare instances footage will be added to the film either to make it more moralistic or to pad out the running time. Universal Pictures is said to have done that extensively some years ago with a package of less than mighty films they were determined to sell to TV.

In nearly all cases the result for the viewer is a bitter one. Once a film has been edited for TV—particularly when the editing is as time-consuming and costly as most network edits now are—that's the way it will stay. Forever. There are virtually no examples around of films getting unedited as the times get more permissive, and local stations are currently and understandably buying films that have been previously edited by the networks rather than films that remain in their original pristine condition. So remember that stickpin and windshield; you may never see them again except in your mind's eye.

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The Arkansas traveler goes home

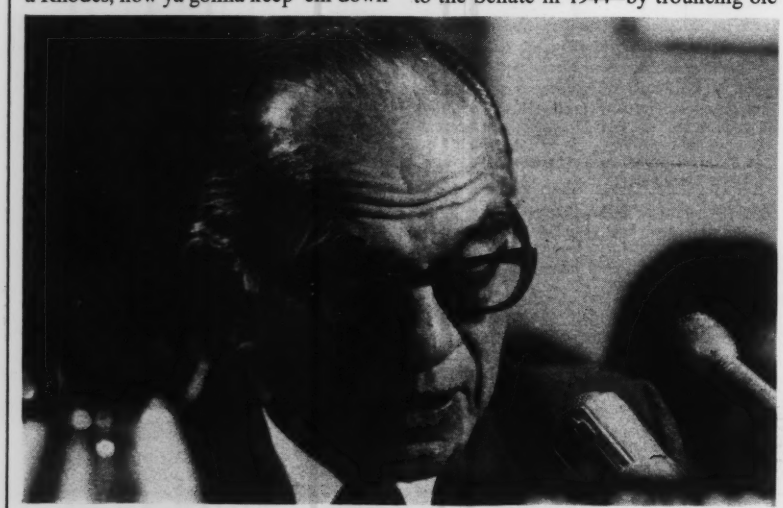
FINAL TRIBUTE

By Mark Goodman

The elections are over; Republican litter-bearers in black shrouds move through congressional chambers and governors' mansions, dolefully crying, "Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!" Yet in one of the savage ironies that are shot through the chronicle of American politics, the man whose dislodgment will be most keenly felt is Senator J. William Fulbright, 69, Democrat, of Arkansas. Indeed, the best-known American senator in the world did not even make it to the November election: he was defeated in the Arkansas Democratic primary last spring by Governor Dale Bumpers.

Now, William Fulbright did not lose his job of 30 years because seven misguided little men stole into the Democratic national headquarters one night. But Watergate rendered *all* incumbents vulnerable—and Fulbright was vulnerable to begin with. It is testimony to his populist touch that he was not turned out before this. Cool and cerebral, Fulbright had much of the Ozark in him excised by those most skillful of surgeons, the dons of Oxford. After they've seen London on a Rhodes, how ya gonna keep 'em down in Moonbeam McSwine country? This sardonic son of Arkansas is really the spiritual offspring of Swift and Burke and, yes, the beloved De Tocqueville he quoted so often on the Senate floor. During the campaign, Bumpers told Arkansans that Fulbright didn't care enough about their muddy miseries, that he lived in a cloistered aerie from which vantage point he could peer over his half glasses at the roiling lands across the two seas. The voters believed Bumpers, because they needed to so badly. It is not difficult these days to persuade the average American voter that *any* public figure, even one who has gone to the mat with four presidents, is responsible for their pain and their confusion.

Besides, as hinted, Fulbright is not your basic "hell of a guy" still very much favored in Southern politics. He has always been too precocious. Fulbright the law professor was named president of the University of Arkansas at the preposterous age of 34, and settled back to enjoy a contemplative life. But Governor Homer Adkins, a good ole boy who didn't cotton to the things the Fulbright family newspaper said about him, got Bill fired. Fulbright was lured into running for Congress in 1942, and moved up to the Senate in 1944—by trouncing ole Homer.



Fulbright was big enough to turn his attentions to the world beyond the Ozarks and still remain faithful to his constituency. For this reason he became difficult—impossible—to pigeonhole politically. Nobody quarreled with the Fulbright Resolution that led to the founding of the U.N., nor with the establishment of the Fulbright Scholarship. But he made lifelong enemies of conservatives by standing alone (at first) against mad Joe McCarthy and his cucking stool, and frustrated his liberal followers by avoiding Little Rock like a plague town during the 1957 unpleasantness and voting against much of John Kennedy's civil rights legislation.

Yes, Fulbright could be political when he had to, but his heart—or rather, his mind—wasn't in it. He was above all a man of reason, a man who came to deplore the charnel house of Vietnam—and who did not flinch from locking horns with his old friend Lyndon Johnson on the matter. He was the first man of power to see that the American Emperor, incinerating Asian jungles and intriguing in South American alleyways, truly has no clothes.

Reason, as we have seen, has very little to do with the political process. As he prepares to leave office, Fulbright must look about him and marvel at man's determination to abdicate the lone faculty that distinguishes him from the beasts of the forest. Speaking at Westminster College in Missouri, where Winston Churchill made his famous "Iron Curtain" speech in 1946, an understandably gloomy Fulbright said: "It is one of the perversities of human nature that people have a far greater capacity for enduring disasters than for preventing them, even when the danger is plain and imminent."

The danger is plain and imminent, all right, and I think we will dearly miss the likes of J. William Fulbright, peering over his half glasses at a world hellbent on taking blind, howling leave of its senses. ●

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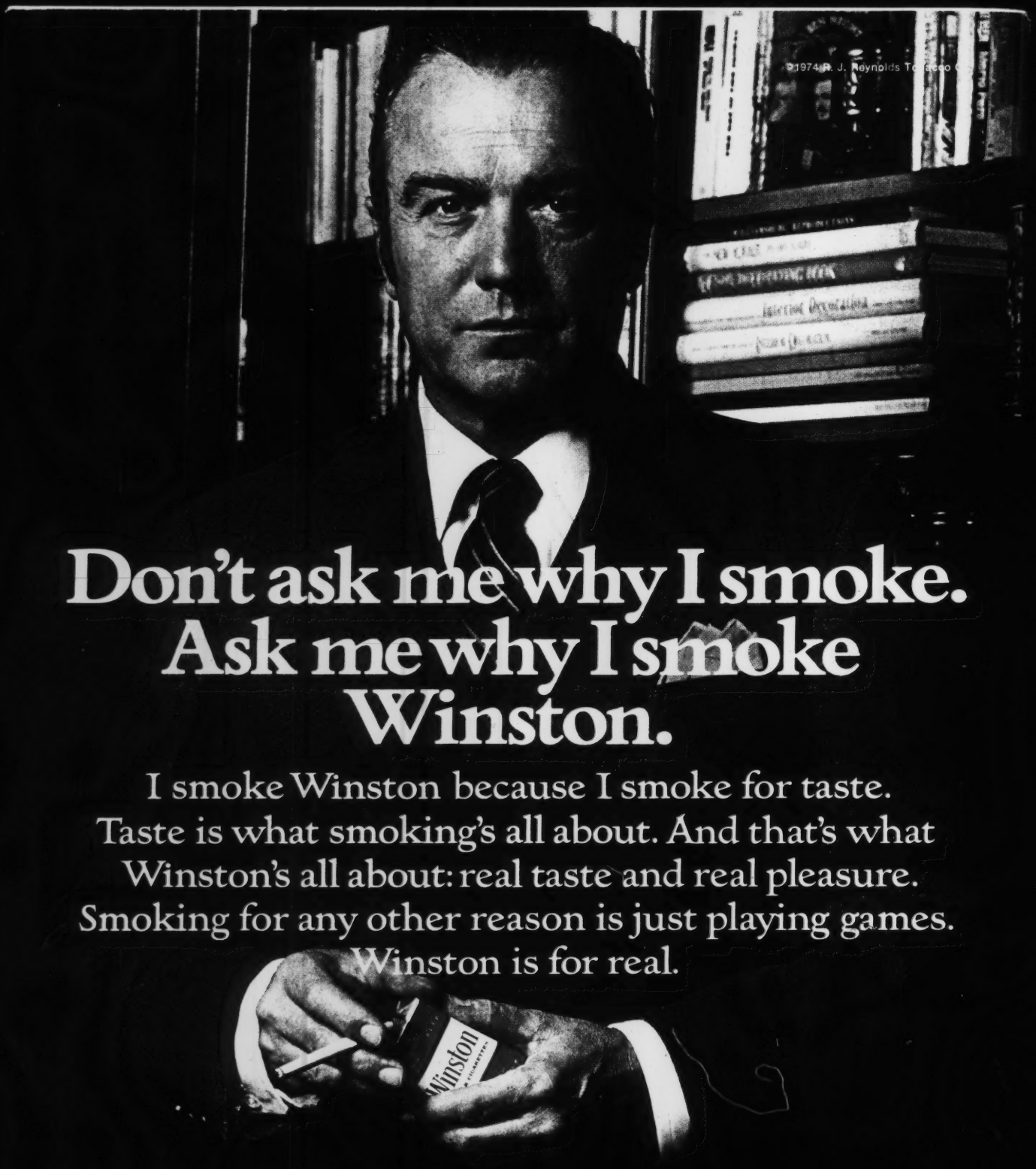
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I smoke Winston because I smoke for taste.
Taste is what smoking's all about. And that's what
Winston's all about: real taste and real pleasure.
Smoking for any other reason is just playing games.
Winston is for real.
Winston
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette,
FTC Report MAR. '74.